THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A.O.H. GOSSIP.

Ex-National President, M. F. Wilhere, of Philadelphia, Will Be in Chicago During the Coming Week, Attending the Big Convention.

Doings of the Divisions in the State and City—Necessity for Better Work Required to Make the Picnic of the Order a Success.

Hon. Maurice F. Wilhere, Past National President of the A. O. H., will be in Chicago next week attending the Democratic convention. I am confident Brother Wilhere will be happy to meet any of the brothers who may call on him at McCoy's hotel, where he intends to put up during his stay in our city. After the Chicago convention the distinguished Pennsylvanian will proceed to Detroit to be present at the National convention of our Order. Brother Jackson, of Philadelphia, one of the A. O. H. National Directors, will accompany our past President. Information received up to date gives reason to believe that a very large number of visiting brothers will be in our city during the week, and as copies of THE CITIZEN give a full directory of our divisions, our brothers may expect many visitors to their meetings.

Brother Fanning, of Div. 12, has finished his labors compiling the first volume of the history of the New Movement convention. I say first volume, because I am certain the worthy brother will find excellent work in continuing the history of the growth of the Irish National Alliance. I have seen advance proof-sheets of the work, and consider it not alone of historical value and a valuable book of reference, but also a work of art, embellished by a collection of engravings of all the prominent men in the Irish National movement in the United States. No one interested in the progress of our people should be without a copy of Brother Fanning's work.

Another division will be organized on the North side in a few weeks. On the list of charter members will appear some of the brightest young men in the community, and some of the transfer members will be of the material best calculated to build up a splendid branch of our Order to assist the excellent work of Nos. 8 and 21.

In Peoria, on Sunday, the Ladies' Auxiliary were installed with more than ordinary ceremony. The hall was crowded with visitors, who expressed much pleasure at the growth of the Auxiliary. Brother John G. Higgins, County President, presided as installing officer.

A new division was organized in Tremont, Tazewell county. Over thirty charter members were present. Brother Dan Tuohy, of Bloomington, County President of McLean county, installed the officers, whose names will be published next week. Brother Tuohy deserves many thanks for his earnest endeavors to increase the Order, but is satisfied with the consciousness of having done his duty.

Division 17 had a splendid meeting on Wednesday, July 1. Five candidates were initiated, and addresses were made under the head of Good of the Order, by State President Keating, County President Henck and Brothers Ward and Flanagan. No. 17 is financially and numerically one of the soundest divisions in the county. Careful in the selection of candidates, rigidly adhering to the letter and spirit of the Constitution, it can never act contrary to the interests of the Order. Brother Martin Mulcahy, veteran President of the division, watches over its proceedings with that impartiality which always endeared him to his friends and brother members.

The pretty park of Riverside, in Havana, Ill., was the scene of an immense gathering of the friends of Ireland in Central Illinois. From Jacksonville, Springfield and Peoria came thousands of picnicers to attend the first reunion under the auspices of the Emmet Monument Association. Speeches were made by Hon. James J. Graham, States Attorney of Springfield, Hon. John Dowis of Peoria, and J. T. Keating of Chicago. Brother Barney Dolsney was there with his bagpipes from Div. 3 of Cook county, and Brother Roach of Springfield, had some new songs, assisted by Brother Carey of Peoria, who composed verses as fast as he could sing them. Brothers Reilly, Connolly and Walsh, of Springfield, had nearly every Hibernian in their city present. Brothers Hanigan, Ed. Keating and Dan Keating reported two-thirds of Morgan county on the ground, while Peoria had Brothers Downs, Slattery, McConnell, Carey, Fitzgerald and a host of others whose service in behalf of the A. O. H. is known and valued. The excellent management of Brothers Keenan and Buckley contributed to the comfort of all. It is intended to celebrate under the same auspices each year. No better method could be adopted to awaken Irish National sentiment in Central Illinois, and I wish ever success to the promoters.

The picnic will require every effort to make the same a success. There is a total want of enthusiasm which promises poorly for attendance, and while tickets are well distributed and the advertising well done, without pushing the sale of the former we cannot expect much attendance. It would be well if every president made it his personal duty to urge the members to push the sale of tickets. Remember, brothers, the monument is still unbuilt over the graves of our deceased brethren in Mount Olivet, and without success at our picnic we cannot erect the same. The large list of games will be a very attractive feature, and by each member exerting himself the attendance can be made a great demonstration. I trust by next week to be able to report more success. ER.

JAMES KILLELEA'S VIEWS.

[To the Editor.]

NASHVILLE, Tenn., June 25, 1896.—THE CITIZEN contained in its issue of the 20th inst. the following editorial paragraph:

"Our friend James Killelea, of Nashville, Tenn., has 'taken off his coat' to fight the proposed 'convention of the Irish race' to be held in Dublin next September. He wants no delegates sent from America to that gathering. Well, a few delegates from America could make small impression on the Whig sentiment, but if Irish-Americans went over in force they might be able to show Ireland what bootless stuff 'moral force' agitations are made of."

No, Mr. Editor, I am not opposed to that Dublin convention. I am really in favor of it, but I am opposed to holding State conventions in this country for the purpose of electing and sending delegates to that convention. Had THE CITIZEN published my letter that appeared in the Memphis Catholic Journal of the issue of the 13th, THE CITIZEN'S readers could have judged for themselves whether the trend of my letter was in opposition to that convention. For the past six years I have been writing letters, both to THE CITIZEN and to the Tuam Herald, appealing to the editors of the above-named papers to use their influence to bring about unity in the ranks of the Irish factions and cement them once more into one national party as when they were once united under Parnell. There would be no consistency about my writing letters during the past six years, both to THE CITIZEN and to the Tuam Herald, on unity and now opposing that Dublin convention. I will embody a paragraph from one of my letters that appeared in the Tuam Herald of March 28, 1892: "If nothing stands between the Irish leaders but a question of national principle why not call a national convention and have the points of their difference settled for all time?"

But that Parliamentary party paid about as much attention to my letters, relative to unity, as they would to soap bubbles going in the air. I do not regret what I have said about the Irish Parliamentary party in my letter to the Memphis Catholic Journal. They are responsible and the cause of assassinating the Irish nationality and the Irish cause. We, in America, boast about Ireland's great men, of her statesmen, orators, soldiers and poets and then go swarming Dublin with delegates from this country, and other countries, as though they were sent as missionaries, as if the people of Ireland were uncivilized. We should not send over to the Dublin convention delegates to patch up a unity for the Irish people as though they were not capable of legislating for themselves. What will other nations or peoples think of them? That the Irish people in Ireland have lost all their patriotism, sense and reason; that their kindred from other countries have to go to Ireland to tell them what they must do; that they are not capable of knowing for themselves. If the Dublin convention brings about unity among the divided Irish parties in Ireland the convention will do good, but I have lost all confidence in the present Irish Parliamentary party. JAMES KILLELEA.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The Innisfails defeated the O'Connells in the final game for the football championship of 1895 last Sunday afternoon. The game drew the largest crowd of the season to the grounds at Rockwell street and Ogden avenue. The game was marked by an absence of rough play, and at the finish the two teams marched off the field arm in arm.

The hurling game between the Sarsfields and O'Mahonys would have been exceedingly fast, but the long grass seriously impeded the progress of the ball. After putting up a stiff game in the first half, the Sarsfield men fell off in their play, and were eventually beaten by two goals and six points to two points. On both teams there was an absence of combination work, the wing men failing to keep in their places and doing a large amount of unnecessary chasing. The forwards of the winning team played a quicker and more aggressive game than did those of the losers, and the O'Mahony backs were never really hard pushed. E. Cahill, Doran and Conway were kept on the move in the first half and all made excellent stops of dangerous shots. Cooney, who had been playing brilliantly, was disabled early in the second half and Twohill replaced him. Clifford of the O'Mahonys was hurt soon after, and Dunn, who replaced him, worked hard. Murphy, Breen, Driscoll and Ryan all did fine work for the winners. Cooney, E. Cahill and Welsh were prominent on the losing side.

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Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, jaundice, sick headache, biliousness. 25c.

ROLAND AND OLIVER.

Mr. Enright Resumes the Controversy In Regard to High and Low Tariff With Judge Morrison.

He Maintains That a Surplus in the Treasury Is Not Always a Blessing, and That Hard Times Do Not Follow Low Tariff.

Mr. Enright's reply to Judge Morrison's second letter on the tariff, published below, was received too late for insertion last week. We take pleasure in presenting it today:

MR. ENRIGHT'S LETTER.

[To the Editor.]

In answering Judge Morrison's last letter, let me premise by thanking him for his courtesy, and also by complimenting him on the able and vigorous manner in which he advances his side of the argument. I think he is in error, however, in saying that there was a deficit produced by the tariff of 1846, during the administration of Franklin Pierce, who was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1853. When Mr. Pierce retired from office, the surplus in the treasury was so large that it was seriously proposed by some of the statesmen of those days to divide it up between the states. During Mr. Buchanan's administration there was a panic in 1857 and 1858, caused by over-speculation, irresponsible banks and wild cat currency. The tariff had nothing whatever to do with the "deplorable condition" of affairs portrayed by him in his annual message, which Judge Morrison says was sent to congress in 1861. It appears, however, that the last annual message which Mr. Buchanan sent to congress was in December, 1860.

In 1877, after the failure of Jay Cook, there was one of the most disastrous panics that ever occurred in this country. Thousands of people were walking the streets clamoring for relief of some kind. The militia were called out, and for days were "lying on their arms" at the Halsted street viaduct. The police were so exhausted that citizens had to do patrol duty at night, in order to give them needed rest. All the savings banks in Chicago, with the exception of three, closed their doors. When a certified check was presented at a bank, in payment of a note, the note would not be surrendered until the check passed through the clearing-house, so little confidence had the banks in each other. This was sixteen years after the Republican party went into power. Was it the low tariff of the Democratic party that caused all this? It is the tariff that is now blamed for everything, and hence the cry, "Give us more protection and we will have good times again."

In 1892 we had plenty of protection, running as Judge Morrison says from October 1, 1890, the date of the passage of the McKinley bill, and yet at the November election of that year the high tariff of 1890 was repudiated throughout the country by a tremendous majority. Judge Morrison says that this bill "will be soon again the law of the land." I don't think the Democratic party would like anything better—that is provided Mr. McKinley will be elected president.

Now I do not undertake to defend the United States senate and its connection with the last tariff measure, and the "sugar scandals." That would be a task beyond the powers of my pen. It would be impossible to defend that body, its obsolete and absurd rules, and its obstructive tactics. Judge Morrison cannot say anything so caustic of the "American House of Lords" that I can not agree with him. Both parties, however, were mixed up in the sugar "scandal." One Republican senator came out boldly and acknowledged that he had dealt in sugar stocks while the bill was pending, and that he would do it again under similar circumstances. This gentleman had the nerve to have his name presented at the late Republican convention as a candidate for the presidency, and he received the vote of his state.

Speaking of the sale of the bonds, Judge Morrison says that there is sometimes a loss in disposing of them "of eight or nine millions of dollars in a single day." Per contra, J. Pierpont Morgan testified before a committee of the senate a few days ago, that the second sale resulted in a loss to the buyers. "Assertions are very good to a limited extent, but they are like little babies, being unable to stand without support."

Judge Morrison loves a surplus. He exults over the fact that the McKinley bill placed in the United States treasury the immense sum of $28,000,000, over and above what the needs of the Government demanded. These millions were wrung from the people unnecessarily, and locked up in the treasury. Does he think it good policy to pile up in the treasury huge sums like this, to be looted by congress for river and harbor bills, and other steals? Does he believe in tempting our national lawmakers in this manner? A surplus has never remained long in the treasury. It is soon dissipated.

But enough of the *tu quoque* style of argument. I am in favor of a tariff which together with the internal taxes will produce revenue enough to pay all the expenses of the Government. I am not in favor of borrowing money or issuing bonds in time of peace for the purpose of obtaining it. I am in favor of a tariff to build a navy second only to that of Great Britain, and to make our coast cities impregnable from assault from any quarter. If such a tariff as this must necessarily protect the industries of the country well and good, but I would have it adjusted without taking protection *per se* into consideration, except incidentally. I am in favor of reciprocity as outlined by Mr. Blaine, where it can be introduced to enlarge our foreign trade, and I think the Democratic party committed a mistake in failing to carry out that policy. I believe in the greatest good to the greatest number, and therefore I am opposed to a tariff that is devised and enacted solely for the purpose of enriching and building up great corporate trusts, and as a consequence rendering the masses of the people uneasy and discontented.

JOHN W. ENRIGHT.

CHICAGO, June 23.

A BALLAD OF ATHLONE.

The heroic feat in breaking down the bridge of Athlone in June, 1691, when Ginkle laid siege to it, is thus described in verse by Aubrey de Vere:—

Does any one dream that a Gael can fear?
Of a thousand deeds let him learn but one!
The Shannon swept onward, broad and clear,
Between the leaguers and worn Athlone.

"Break down the bridge"—six warriors rushed
Through the storm of shot and the storm of shell;
With late but certain victory flushed
The grim Dutch gunners eyed them well.

They wrenched at the planks 'mid a hail of fire;
They fell in death, their work half done;
The bridge stood fast, and nigh and nigher
The foe swarmed darkly, densely on.

"Oh, who for Erin will strike a stroke?
Who hurl yon planks where the waters roar?"
Six warriors forth from their comrades broke
And flung them upon that bridge once more.

Again at the rocking planks they dashed,
And four dropped dead and two remained;
The huge beams groaned, and the arch down crashed—
Two stalwart swimmers the margin gained.

St. Ruth in his stirrups stood up and cried;
"I have seen no deed like that in France."
With a toss of his head Sarsfield replied:
"They had luck, the dogs! 'Twas a merry chance."

Oh! many a year upon Shannon's side,
They sang upon moor and they sang upon heath
Of the twain that breasted that raging tide,
And the ten that shook bloody hands with death!

English Debate.

At the last meeting of the Clifton (Cumberland) school board a little difference of opinion occurred between Mr. Hastings Cuthbertson, the chairman, and Mr. Parker, the school attendance officer. Parker said the chairman had promised him some extra remuneration for taking a census. The chairman denied this, and the conversation continued as follows:

The Chairman: What's t' use talking like that, min. I say I never told you. Mr. Parker: Yis, thoo did. The Chairman: No, I didn't. Mr. Parker: Then ah say thoo's a blooming leer. The Chairman (excitedly): Now, we won't hev this. You must leave the meeting if you are going to carry on like this, and using soc language as that. Mr. Parker: Ah'll leave t' room when ah like; ah'll not leave it for thee. The Chairman: Then ah'll leave it. Ah'll nut sit here—you carrying on wild sec talk. If you've got owt to say you should say it outside, and nut come here bullying like that. Mr. Parker: Now, I'll tell you what, Hastings, thoo's just trying to irritate me till ah hit thee. Thoo's trying me hard to dui't. The Chairman: Leave the room, Mr. Parker: Yes, I'll leave the room. I have meant to give you a talking till, and let the folks see what you are. (The Chairman: Leave the room). Ivvery body knows what you are, and this'll be summit mair for t'papers. You're just a fool. The Chairman: If ah was hoaf as big a fu'el as thee, ah wad drown mesel. (Laughter).

St. Patrick's Court Picnic.

St. Patrick's court No. 21, C. O. F., having won the prize banner at the recent State contest, will have it presented to them at their annual picnic to be held at the old World's Fair grounds, Stoney Island avenue and Sixty-seventh street, on July 4. The presentation will be made by Past High Chief Ranger P. J. Cahill. Individual prizes will be presented by High Chief Ranger Thomas H. Cannon. The address of the day will be made by the State Chief Ranger, Thomas McEnerny. All courts of the C. O. F. are invited by the officers to participate in the reunion.

STOOD BY THE GREEN.

How the Irish "Rebels" of 1867 Suffered for Their Country Like Gentlemen and Patriots.

Speeches From the Dock by Thomas Duggan, Jeremiah Donovan, John Casey, Michael O'Regan and John Kenealy.

Before the special commission concluded its labors at Cork in the early days of January, 1866, a number of persons whose names are not so well known were arrested for treason felony, and for endeavoring to seduce soldiers and sailors from their allegiance. These were Jeremiah Donovan, Thomas Duggan, John P. S. Casey, Michael O'Regan and John Kenealy. The two first named were put forward together, and the Court refused to accede to Mr. Butt's application that the soldiers produced as witnesses against them should be treated as common informers. When the usual verdict was brought in Duggan protested that he was convicted on perjured evidence, and continued—

I do not state these things in order to change the sentence I am about to receive. I know your lordships' minds are made up on that. I state this merely to show what kind of tools the British Government employ to procure these convictions. I have only to say, and I appeal to any intelligent man for his opinion, that the manner in which the jury list was made outfor these trials clearly shows that in this country political trials by jury are a mere mockery. I say, my lord——

Judge Fitzgerald—We can't allow this. You were asked had you anything to say why sentence should not be passed on you, and you are not to indulge in any declamation.

The Prisoner—I have nothing more to say but to thank my learned and eloquent counsel for the manner in which they have defended me.

The Clerk of the Crown—Jeremiah Donovan, have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?

The prisoner Donovan—Nothing at all, sir.

Their lordships retired for a short time, and on their return,

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald said—Thomas Duggan, it certainly is not without some astonishment that we hear of a person of your position occupying the position of centre of this society. It appears that you were brought up a national schoolmaster, but that in 1862 you were most properly removed, you having connected yourself with some illegal body. You are, it appears from the letter, a man of education—a man who ought to know better. We must, therefore, inflict upon you a severe punishment, so that your fate may act as an example to all others. We must sentence you to be kept in penal servitude for a term of ten years. Were it not for your comparatively humble position we would have senteuced you to a still severer punishment. We consider that, although not one of the leaders, you were deeply engaged in the conspiracy, and you have been found guilty of one of the most dangerous of all offences, attempting to seduce soldiers from their allegiance.

Donovan, who was not such an active member of the organization as Duggan, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

John S. Casey, who was a contributor to the Irish People, under the signature of "The Galtee Boy," was a clerk to Mr. Geary in Cork, whose house, according to the Crown, was the rendezvous of the principal conspirators. The chief witness against him was the local informer, Warner, and during the course of the trial several of his contributions to the People were read to prove his connection with the conspiracy. When the jury brought in a verdict of guilty they strongly recommended Casey to mercy on account of his youth. On being asked the usual question he responded in a loud, clear voice:—

My lord, I have only to say that the evidence af that infamous wretch is a tissue of the most foul perjuries. I solemnly protest that I never attended any of his drill meetings, or that I was ever introduced to him by Geary. All his evidence is equally unfounded; and the same is to be said of the evidence of the policeman, McCauley. He never in the course of his life saw me write. I never directed a letter to him. There is another remark I have to make. It is to protest against the system of jury packing in this country——

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald—You are allowed to show why judgment should not be pronounced against you, and I can not allow you to utter any slander in a court of justice. Have you anything to say why judgment should not be passed on you?

The Prisoner—I have to protest against being tried by such a jury at all.

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald then passed the sentence of the court, which was that the prisoner be kept in penal servitude for five years.

Michael O'Regan was next placed at the bar, and was charged with administering the Fenian oath to a sailor of the royal navy named Hallihan, whom he had met in the tap-room of a public house in Castletownsend. The sailor swore that O'Reagan invited him into the yard of the inn, and whilst there attempted to enroll him in the organization. In answer to the usual question, the prisoner answered:—

I will only say a few words, and I will be entirely responsible myself for them. I do not want a speech or my remarks to injure anyone else. With regard to the approver or informer, I will only say that what he has sworn to is entirely false. It is very singular that one who drank in a room four feet square could not see him going out of it—very strange; so that you should not believe the words of any informer whatever, because they are not only informers but liars and traitors, and are a disgrace to the country in which they are. They would as soon act as liars and informers against anyone else. With regard to what your lordship said about my going to America, I have only to say I did not go there at the time stated in that paper of citizenship. I am over eighteen years out of this country, and came back to it over ten months ago. I love my country—I will not conceal it—ever since I was forced to leave it from oppression. Your laws would not allow me to live here, and I had to go to America. I saw a few scraps of the late trials. They were remarks made by the attorney-general.

Mr. Justice Keogh—We cannot allow this. You must confine yourself to the question, have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed on you?

The Prisoner—I wish you would allow me to say a few words. There is more truth in what I say than in what the informer said.

Mr. Justice Keogh—You cannot serve yourself by the course you are about pursuing.

The Prisoner—I will only say I love liberty. I see the people of this country are oppressed——

Mr. Justice Keogh—We will not listen to any observations of that kind.

The Prisoner—I will say no more, then.

Their lordships then retired, and after the lapse of several minutes returned into court.

Mr. Justice Keogh said the sentence of the court is that you be kept in penal servitude for seven years.

Prisoner—I am very glad you got done. I don't expect to be long inside.

John Kenealy, a commercial traveler, was charged under the general act with being a member of the conspiracy to overthrow British rule, and with procuring the manufacture of pikes to that purpose. He was an able and intelligent man, and his position gave him opportunities for spreading the organization, of which he was not slow to avail. To his high character Mr. John O'Leary, in his "Recollections of Fenianism," bears witness. In his speech before sentence the prisoner said:—

My lord, it is scarcely necessary for me to say anything. I am sure, from the charge of your lordship, the jury could find no other verdict than has been found. The verdict against me has been found by the means by which political convictions have been always obtained in this country. As to the informer, Warner, I have only to say that directly or indirectly, I never was in the same room with him, nor had he any means of knowing my political opinions. As to my connection with Mr. Luby, I am proud of that connection. I regret neither it nor anything else I have done politically or otherwise (murmurs of applause).

He was then sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

Kenealy's trial ended the work of the Commission in Cork. Capts. McCafferty and Mackay being aliens, were admitted to bail, and the other trials postponed to the assizes.—Weekly Independent.

Kerens and Filley.

The re-election of R. C. Kerens as a member of the National Republican committee will be a source of gratification to the whole country. We unite with his colleagues in tendering him our warmest congratulations. Incidentally his victory will expose the hollowness of the pretensions of the A. P. A., who threatened to overthrow McKinley if Mr. Kerens was not unseated.—Church Progress.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY. }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

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Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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The Gaelic League.

The Chicago Gaelic League meets every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in the offices of the City Clerk, first floor of City Hall Building (entrance through room 119, right opposite stairway). This society is organized solely for the instruction of Irish men and women in the fluent tongue of their ancestors, and presents an opportunity of which all Irish people should avail themselves without delay. The Gaelic League bars not religion or sect, admission and instruction by competent teachers being absolutely free to all. For information as to forming branches, or studying Gaelic individually, for books, etc., write to William Raleigh, No. 73 S. Canal street, who is the only person in Chicago who receives books direct from the publishers in Dublin.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

LINE UP FOR SILVER.

INDIANA AND OHIO DECLARE FOR THE WHITE METAL.

The Hoosier Convention Is for Governor Matthews for President and So Instructs the Delegates to Chicago—Buckeye Democracy Comes Out for Free Silver.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 25.—"Free silver and Governor Matthews for president" was the slogan of nearly all the Democrats who gathered in Tomlinson hall in this city yesterday at the state convention.

GOVERNOR CLAUDE MATTHEWS.

The preliminaries of the convention were soon attended to and the credentials committee reported favoring the free silver delegates in most cases where there were contests. It transpired during this period of business that for the first time in the history of political conventions in Indiana a female delegate, fully and duly accredited, was on the floor. She is Mrs. Antoinette D. Leach, of Sullivan. She is a lawyer by profession. For electors-at-large, the following were named: Jason Brown, of Seymour, and John B. Stoll, of South Bend, and David S. Gooding, of Hancock, and C. A. Howard for contingent electors-at-large. For delegates-at-large Senators Daniel W. Voorhees and David Turpie and James D. McCabe, of Williamsport, and G. V. Menzies, of Mount Vernon, were chosen. Shanklin withdrew his name in deference to Governor Matthews' wish that Menzies should get the place.

Silver Plank of the Platform.

The platform which was adopted as read, covers all the political issues, but gives the first place to the silver question, the pith of the declaration on that point being as follows: "We reaffirm our adherence to the faithful Democratic doctrine of bimetallism, and therefore we demand the immediate restoration of bimetallism by the free and unrestricted coinage of both silver and gold as primary money at the ratio of 16 to 1 without waiting the co-operation of Great Britain or any other foreign power, all such coinage to be full legal tender in payment of all debts, public or private."

What Is Said on the Tariff.

On the tariff the following is the opinion of the Indiana Democracy: "That we believe the existing tariff laws will be fully equal to all demand for needed revenue for the expenses of government economically administered under the conditions which will arise from the restoration of bimetallism."

The platform closes with a plank instructing delegates to vote for Governor Matthews for president, first, last, and all the time, and to use all honorable efforts to secure his nomination. The delegates are instructed to vote as a unit on all questions involving platform or candidate in the convention.

When nominations for state officers were called for B. F. Shively, of South Bend, was nominated with enthusiasm, and the ticket filled as follows: Lieutenant governor, John Y. Lawler; secretary of state, Samuel M. Ralston, of Boone county; auditor, Joseph T. Fanning of Indianapolis; treasurer, Morgan Chandler, of Greenfield; attorney general, John G. McNutt, of Terre Haute; supreme court reporter, Harry Warrum, of Indianapolis; superintendent of public instruction, W. B. St. Clair, of Stark; state statistician, O. H. Downey, of Noble.

The alternates-at-large are: John E. Lamb, Terre Haute; D. F. Utter, Frankfort; John C. Nelson, Logansport, and C. K. Thorpe, Washington. Candidates for appellate judge were nominated as follows: First district, Edwin Taylor; Second, Frank E. Gavin; Third, Theodore P. Davis; Fourth, O. J. Lotz; Fifth, Geo. E. Ross.

BUCKEYE STATE DEMOCRACY.

One of the Delegates Wants to Bounce a Picture of Cleveland.

COLUMBUS, June 25.—The feature of the Democratic state convention was the attempt of a delegate to have removed from the hall a picture of President Cleveland. The delegate was Reuben Turney and his fate was to be hissed and derided until he sat down.

Free silver ruled the meeting and the platform adopted had just two planks, the second one instructing the delegates to Chicago to vote as a unit and always for free silver. The pith of the first is: "That we are unalterably opposed to the single gold standard, and demand an immediate return to the constitutional money of gold and silver by the restoration by this government, independent of other nations, of the unrestricted coinage of both silver and gold into standard money at the ratio of 16 to 1, and upon terms of exact equality existing prior to 1873; such silver coin to be a full legal tender, equally with gold, for all debts and dues, public and private."

There was a minority report, but it was "not in the running." The vote on the platform was—free silver, 542; "honest money," 128—so it is shown that the gold men were stronger than they were expected to be.

Delegates-at-large to Chicago: Allen W. Thurman, of Columbus; E. B. Finley, of Bucyrus; L. E. Holden, of Cleveland, and John R. McLean, of Cincinnati. State ticket: Secretary of state, Chilton A. White, of Georgetown; judge of the supreme court, E. J. Blandin, of Cleveland; food and dairy commissioner, Patrick McKeown; member board of public works, William Beaumont.

Terms for Silver and Bland.

AUSTIN, June 25.—An indorsement of Bland for president and a straight-out silver platform at 16 to 1 regardless of the action of any foreign government, was the sum and substance of the Democratic silver convention which adjourned sine die yesterday afternoon after a two-days' session.

HAS HEARD FROM ST. LOUIS.

Major McKinley Formally Notified of His Nomination for President.

CANTON, O., June 30.—The notification committee of the national Republican convention, consisting of some forty odd gentlemen representing every state in the Union, and headed by John M. Thurston, the permanent chairman of the St. Louis convention, called at the home of Hon. William McKinley yesterday and formally notified him that he was the Republican candidate for president of the United States. The occasion was, aside from its necessity as a formality, interesting because it gave an opportunity for some expressions on the issues which would indicate their importance in the view of all the gentlemen present.

The hour or two of talk seems to indicate that the money question is a very secondary issue in the minds of most of the gentlemen—especially the chief of the assembly—the major. Thurston opened with his message to the nominee and presented the tariff as the dominant question in a brief speech, closing with a eulogy of the major. McKinley followed, devoting all but a paragraph of his speech to a practical declaration that protective tariff once secured there will be no money question. The paragraph devoted to the financial issue was an elaboration spoken warmly and emphatically of the Minneapolis plank, the essence of it being in the following: "The dollar paid to the farmer, the wage-earner and the pensioner must continue forever equal in purchasing and debt paying power to the dollar paid to any government creditor."

He only said the words silver or gold once in the speech and as soon as he had closed his reference to the finances he proceeded anew to advocacy of protective tariff, but just before closing he said: "The platform adopted by the Republican national convention has received my careful consideration and has my unqualified approval. It is a matter of gratification to me, as I am sure it must be to you, and Republicans everywhere, and to all our people, that the expressions of its declaration of principles are so direct, clear and emphatic. They are too plain and positive to leave any chance for doubt or question as to their purport and meaning."

After the formalities were over, including the presentation of the Lincoln cabin gavel to the major, the party was about to go in to lunch when a delegation from Columbus arrived, 325 in number, and lunch was postponed for the reception and speeches that followed. After the major had acknowledged the honor done him he presented the members of the notification committee to the visitors and the crowd around the building—it had grown by this time to thousands—called for speeches first from Thurston and then from others. Over a score of the notification committee made brief addresses, Thurston leading with a eulogy of protection.

COLLAPSE OF A WHARF.

Four Boys Lose Their Lives and Thirteen Persons Are Hurt.

BOSTON, June 30. — Four boys were drowned and thirteen persons hurt by the collapse of Sheldon's wharf at Castle Island landing, South Boston. The citizens were celebrating "Farragut Day," and a large crowd was on the warf, attracted by the offer of free passage to the island. The boat "Ella" was about to make fast at the wharf when the hundred or more on the small landing surged to the outer side. Immediately that side went down into eight feet of water and completely turned over, throwing seventy-five to eighty persons into the water. Many of the crowd were women and children.

The wildest excitement prevailed, but quick work by rescuers as well as the police on shore served to quiet the crowd. The dead are: James J. Washburn, aged 11; James F. Cole, 9; John A. Leary, 13; Lawrence McDowell, 13.

New York Democrats.

SARATOGA, June 25.—The Democratic state convention that met here yesterday was very enthusiastic whenever the names of Hill or Whitney were mentioned. John Boyd Thatcher presided both temporarily and permanently and the following gentlemen were appointed delegates-at-large to Chicago: David B. Hill, Edward Murphy, Roswell P. Flower and Frederick R. Coudert. Alternates—Robert Earl, S. M. Weed, Jacob A. Canter, William Purcell.

The platform declares for the gold standard.

Hull "Gets There" at Des Moines.

DES MOINES, June 29.—Congressman John A. T. Hull scored a tremendous victory here over James G. Berryhill, who was contesting his seat in congress. No such campaign was ever carried on here. It was a closely organized canvass on both sides and each claimed he would win. The majority for Hull is much larger than his friends had dared to hope for. Out of the 199 delegates in the county convention Hull will have over 150.

Four Young People Drowned.

ANNANDALE, Minn., June 26.—While sailing in a stiff breeze Miss Anna Putnam, Miss Bessie Newhall and John U. Putnam, all of Minneapolis, and a young man named Sherman, of St. Paul, were drowned. The Putnams were brother and sister, the only children of their parents. All the young people were prominent here. They had been camping at Clearwater lake for three weeks.

Requisition for Pension Money.

WASHINGTON, June 27.—The secretary of the interior has issued his requisition for $13,325,000 to be used in the quarterly payment of pensions. Chicago gets $2,300,000; Des Moines, $2,100,000; Milwaukee, $1,950,000; Indianapolis, $100,000, and Detroit, $150,000.

Supreme Lodge A. O. U. W. Adjourns.

BUFFALO, June 27.—The supreme lodge A. O. U. W. adjourned late yesterday afternoon to meet the second Tuesday in June next in Milwaukee.

THE DEATH RECORD.

Captain WILLIAM MATTHIES, prominent lawyer and physician, at Leavenworth, Kan.

Colonel A. G. BRACKETT U. S. A. (retired), at Washington.

MARTIN P. MURPHEY, one of the best-known citizens of Decatur, Ills.

JOHN W. KELLY, the well-known variety actor, at New York.

WILLIAM SHAW, prominent railway contractor, at Beloit, Wis.

DAVID A. KING, old resident of Champaign, Ills.

THEODORE D. WILSON, naval constructor at the Charleston navy yard.

Mrs. B. F. ATHERTON, old resident of Paw Paw, Ills.

PIT IS THEIR TOMB

Women and Children Mourn for 100 Dead Coal Miners.

CAUGHT IN A SUDDEN ROOF-FALL.

None of Those Living Saw Anything of the Fate of His Fellow Workmen, Who Were Propping Up the Roof in an Endeavor to Stop a "Squeeze"—Men Work for Rescue with Unceasing Vigor, But with Despair in Their Hearts—Hardly a Shadow of Hope for the Entombed.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., June 29.—While ninety miners were at work in the Red Ash vein of the Twin shaft, Pittston, about 3 o'clock yesterday morning, the roof caved in and it is believed that all of the men perished. About half of the imprisoned men were English-speaking miners, the others foreigners. The names of the former are:

M. J. Langan, inside superintendent; T. H. Linott, inside foreman; Alex McCormick, fire boss; Robert Haston, machinist; Thomas Murphy, driver boss, and the following miners—Michael Costello, J. H. Kelley, Michael Gaudhan, John Hart, James Dailey, Michael Connell, Daniel Ward, Frank Kehoe, James Cleary, Edward Buckley, John Casey, Edward Rogers, James Kehoe, James McDonald, Edward Delaney, Cornelius McGuire, James Golden, M. O'Brien, Michael Hughes, Edward Kilday, James Burke, Patrick Ruane, Thomas Tenpenny, Michael R. Gaffney, Thomas Doing, Anthony Kane, J. W. Murphy, Owen Lee, Anthony Gordon, James Wall, —— Wall (his son), Dominick O'Malley, Peter Martin, Michael Ford, Timothy Durbrick, Thomas Dempsey, Thomas Carlin, Patrick Gibbons, John O'Boyle and Peter Joyce.

Dead May Reach One Hundred.

Aside from these there may be other English-speaking miners among the unfortunates. Thirty Polanders and Huns were entombed, and it is thought that the total number of bodies in the mine will reach 100. The men were at work propping up the roof when the fall occurred. The alarm was immediately given by the ringing of the fire bells, and rescuers were put to work without delay. Up to this writing not a single body has been found. More than two thirds of the victims were married men and leave families. Langan, who was inside superintendent of the mine, was also acting mayor of the town, and J. H. Linott was a ward councilman.

Attempted to Stop a "Squeeze."

About two weeks ago the surveyors reported to General Superintendent Law that the mine was "squeezing," and that unless steps were immediately taken to timber it a cave-in or fall might be looked for. Superintendent Law lost no time, but at once put a number of timbermen at work to brace the falling roof. The "squeeze" continued, however, and Saturday the situation became alarming. In the afternoon a slight fall occurred, and the men who were at work had to retreat before it. A consultation of mine officials was then held and it was decided that heroic measures would have to be resorted to if heavy damages to the mine were to be prevented. Inside Superintendent Langan gave instructions that the most experienced miners should be secured, and that the party would go down the mine at 7 o'clock.

How the Horror Probably Occurred.

Expert timbermen put in an appearance at that hour and were soon lowered into the workings. They made their way to Red Ash vein, 1,800 feet down the slope. The work of propping proceeded rapidly until 11 o'clock, when another fall occurred. It made a low, rumbling, noise and the flying coal and debris drove the men back. Then the "squeeze" ceased again, and the men thought it was safe to resume work. They labored on until 3:30 o'clock, when—so it is presumed—the roof fell in without warning, making a tremendous crash. It is supposed, however, that the men were not all together, but some near the slope, and these probably ran up the incline when the fall occurred.

Rare Possibility That Exists.

The falling rock and coal filled up the slope and the adjoining gangways, completely shutting off all avenues of escape. It was at first supposed that the men might have escaped being caught in the fall, and that they were imprisoned behind the debris, but the facts that are known would go to disprove this. It is still possible, however, that living men may still be behind the fall, although it is extremely improbable. Even if they escaped being crushed by the falling roof the possibility of their being alive for any length of time in a gaseous mine is remote.

Crowds of people gathered about the mouth of the shaft and numbered thousands by daybreak. Stalwart men stood appalled, and frantic women who had husbands or sons in the doomed mine waited in despair. One mother cried out that she had two sons below. Another was the wife of some unfortunate, and had nine helpless children at home. Many knelt on the ground, and in voices broken with sobs implored Divine Providence to restore their loved ones alive. When it was given out that there was little or no hope of rescuing the men alive women and girls fainted and were borne away senseless.

The work of rescue was prompt and efficient. The best miners who remained on the surface joined voluntarily in the hazardous task. Special efforts were made to keep the air fan in good order, so that if by any chance the men were alive they should have fresh air to breathe.

At this writing all hope of finding any of the imprisoned miners alive is abandoned. Superintendent Lathrop, of the Lehigh Valley Coal company, who is an authority, says it will be ten days before the bodies are reached. At 11 o'clock last night the situation at the ill-fated mine was unchanged. The rescuers were hard at work, but making little progress.

Going to Invade England with Arms.

BOSTON, June 30.—The members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston left this city for England yesterday to visit the parent organization, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of England. This is a notable event, for by the good will of the Prince of Wales the Ancient is permitted to go to England with arms. The company will be the guests at London of the London Ancients.

Illinois Man Gets a Place.

WASHINGTON, June 27.—The president has appointed J. Allison Bowen, of Illinois, a consular clerk.

MISGUIDED EFFIE CULVER.

Indianapolis Church Organist Elopes with a Married Man.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 29.—Church and society circles are greatly interested in the elopement of Miss Effie Culver, organist, and Collin J. Campbell, choir leader of the Sixth Christian church of this city. The police have been called upon to locate the missing parties, but as it is supposed they have sailed for England, it is believed the quest of the officers will be fruitless. Miss Culver is only 15 years of age, while her companion is a married man 35 years of age. The girl is regarded here as a musical prodidy and as her family is one of the most aristocratic in the state the affair will be more than a nine-days' subject for conversation.

Campbell is also an embezzler. Manager R. D. Hughes, of the Metropolitan Life Insurance company, for whom the missing man worked, has examined his accounts and finds them short. Warrants are out for his arrest. Campbell for a short time was a resident of Chicago. Several months ago he left there for Indiana, deserting his wife and children. They located him and in some way the family differences were adjusted.

CORNELL TAKES ALL IN SIGHT.

Wins the Great Varsity Boat Race After Capturing the Freshman's.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 27.—The Harvard-Cornell-Columbia-Pennsylvania four mile straight-away boat race on the Hudson yesterday was won by Cornell's eight in the phenomenal time of 19 minutes, 29 seconds; Harvard, second; Pennsylvania, third, and Columbia fourth. Cornell won the freshman race two days ago, in which the order of finishing was strangely the same. The race yesterday was a hard one for two miles, but after that Cornell had its own way. Harvard tried its old scheme of tiring out Cornell at the start, but failed. Cornell rowed a clean race, and without a break of any kind. Pennsylvania splashed and rowed badly, and Columbia, for some unknown reason, was not in the race from the first quarter mile. The Harvard crew rowed pluckily, but was outclassed. The conditions were favorable. The water was smooth, the wind undisturbing and the ebb tide in favor of very good time.

Innocent Man Doing Time.

PITTSBURG, June 29.—It has been discovered that Stephen Legeza, who has served half of a ten-year sentence for a murder committed in Jefferson county in 1890, is an innocent man. He was convicted on the evidence of a fellow worker who had a grudge against him. The murder was committed by a man for whom officers are now looking. The murdered man and the murderer were rivals for the affections of a woman. The former won her, and the other swore vengeance. A fight in which Legeza and all the others engaged gave revenge to the two men who were seeking it. A pardon for Legeza will be asked.

Case of Jackson and Walling.

CINCINNATI, June 29.—At Newport, Ky., Monday, Judge Helm overruled the motion for a new trial for Alonzo Walling, convicted as an accomplice of Scott Jackson in the murder of Pearl Bryan. The appeals of Walling and Jackson cannot be heard by the appellate court at Frankfort before the September term, and the prisoners will remain in jail under the death sentence some months before getting further hearings.

Convention of the Irish Race.

NEW YORK, June 29.—The Irish National Federation of America has issued to its branches in this country a notice of the Irish race convention to be held in Dublin on Sept. 1. The convention is called by the council of the Federation in Ireland and the chairman of the Irish party. Each branch of the federation in America is entitled to one delegate to the convention.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, June 29.

Money on call easy at 1½@2 per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 4@5½ per cent.; sterling exchange steady, with actual business in bankers' bills at 483@485¼ for demand and 481@481¼ for sixty days; posted rates, 482@486 and 485@489; commercial bills, 480¼.

Silver certificates, 69; sales, 20,000; bar silver, 69¾; Mexican dollars, 55¾.

United States government bonds steady; new 4's registered, 116¾; do. coupons, 116¾; 5's registered, 113; do. coupons, 113; 4's registered, 105¾; do. coupons, 106¾; 2's registered, 96¾; Pacific 6's of '97, 103¾.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, June 29.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—June, opened 54¼c, closed 55¾c; July, opened 54¾c, closed 55¾c; September, opened 54¾c, closed 55¼c; December, opened 57¾c, closed 57½c. Corn—June, nominal, closed 32½c; July, opened 32¾c, closed 33½c; September, opened 27¼c, closed 27¾c; May, opened 33¾c, closed 34¼c. Oats—June, nominal, closed 15c; July, opened 15¼c, closed 15¾c; September, opened 16c, closed 15¼c; May, opened 18¾c, closed 19c. Pork—June, nominal, closed $7.00; July, opened $6.95, closed $7.00; September, opened $7.03, closed $7.15; January, opened $7.73, closed $7.87½. Lard—June, nominal, closed $3.87½; July, opened $3.95, closed $3.87½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 14½c per lb.; extra dairy, 11@13c; fresh packing stock, 7½@8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 10@10½c per dozen. Live poultry—Turkeys, 7@8c per lb.; chickens (hens), 8c; spring chickens, 10@12c; roosters, 4½@5c; ducks, 8c; geese, $5.00 per dozen. New potatoes, choice, $1.60 per barrel. Honey—White clover, 12@14c per lb.; broken comb, 8@10c; extracted, 5@6c. Black raspberries, 40@50c per 16-quart case; red raspberries, 75@$1.00 per 24-pint case; Blackberries, 75c@$1.00 per 24-quart case.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, June 29.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 41,000; sales ranged at $3.70@3.85 pigs, $3.35@3.85 light, $3.75@3.90 rough packing, $3.95@4.40 mixed and $3.65@3.85 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 18,000; quotations ranged at $4.35@4.60 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.00@4.25 good to choice do., $3.75@4.20 fair to good, $3.50@3.85 common to medium do., $3.40@3.80 butchers' steers, $2.00@3.50 stockers, $3.35@4.25 feeders, $1.30@3.80 cows, $2.40@4.40 heifers, $2.00@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $3.70@3.90 Texas steers, and $3.60@5.00 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 14,000; sales ranged at $3.90@4.50 western, $2.25@3.70 Texans, $2.25@4.30 natives and $3.75@4.65 lambs.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, June 29.

Wheat—No. 2 red cash elevator, 53c bid, track, old, 53@53c; new, 54@55c; No. 2 hard, 51½c bid; July, 51½c bid; August, 53@53½c; September, 53@53½c bid. Corn—No. 2 mixed cash, 25c; July, 24¾c; September, 23½c. Oats—No. 2 mixed cash, 15½c asked; July, 15c; August, 15½@15¾c asked; September, 15½c asked. Rye—Track, 29½@30c.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, June 29.

Wheat—Cash white, 59½c; cash red, 59½c; July, 57½c; August, 57½c; September, 58½c.

ILLINOIS MELANGE.

ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

Some of the Principal Happenings of the Week Reported by Telegraph and Placed for Convenience of Our Readers—Matters of Interest.

LAWRENCEVILLE, Ills., June 29.—A motive has been developed that will account for the sensational and mysterious murder of William Milligan, the wealthy and influential farmer living near this city. It will be remembered he was called to the door of his home at 4 o'clock Saturday morning and was shot dead at such close range the powder set fire to his clothing. He evidently expected trouble, as he armed himself with a shotgun and a revolver before going to the door. An attempt had been made several times to decoy Milligan to his death, but it was not successful until Saturday morning. The greatest excitement prevailed, and fully 1,000 persons visited the scene of the murder before noon. Bloodhounds were secured and followed hot on the trail of the assassin to the spot where he took a buggy and escaped to Indiana.

Sheriff Roderick and posse attended the funeral Sunday and arrested John Cunningham and George Hazelton on a warrans charging them with complicity in the murder. As soon as the arrest was made a crowd collected around the sheriff's carriage and threats of lynching were heard, but the sheriff escaped with his prisoners to Lawrenceville. Last fall some clover seed was stolen from B. J. Worth in this neighborhood, and Milligan traced the thief and had him sent to the reform school. About two weeks ago Milligan secured a statement from the boy in the reform school implicating five others in the clover-seed stealing, and the penitentiary stared them in the face. They concluded, it is thought, to kill Milligan and stop proceedings against them. John Cunningham had been heard to remark that he had kept the boys from killing Milligan, and if he (Bill Milligan) did not shut up about the clover seed he would turn all the dogs loose on him.

Saturday morning soon after the killing the father of George Hazelton passed the house of Milligan while the family was in the yard crying over the dead body, but Hazelton passed right on and never offered to assist. Other arrests will follow and there will be a shaking up of the whole township. Sheriff Roderick has added an extra force to prevent lynching. Immediately after the killing George Hazelton went to Allendale in a buggy and took the train to Vincennes, Ind. His father drove in a buggy to Vincennes, Ind., and a brother went in a buggy to Mount Carmel. It is supposed the assassin has been seen and paid the price agreed upon. When Cunningham and Hazelton were arrested they turned pale and acted very nervous, but denied any knowledge of the murder.

ACCIDENT AT A SOCIETY CIRCUS.

Twenty Persons Injured by Sections of the Seats Collapsing.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 25.—A bad accident occurred last evening at a circus performance by society people on the grounds of James T. Jones, given for the benefit of Christ Episcopal church. About 800 prominent people were present, including Governor and Mrs. Altgeld. Several sections of the seats broke down, caused by the weight of the spectators. About twenty persons were injured. Fortunately a panic was averted.

Among the injured are: Mrs. James L. Hudson, leg broken; Gideon R. Brainard, back badly injured; Assistant United States Attorney Leigh K. Brainard, leg hurt; ex-Adjutant General Orrendorf, ankle sprained; Postmaster Reddick M. Ridgely, badly bruised; Mrs. Edward W. Dana, ankle sprained; Miss Sallie Perkins, badly bruised; Mrs. Gideon Brainard, suffering from nervous prostration.

Illinois Epworth League.

SPRINGFIELD, June 26.—At the session of the fourth annual state meeting of the Epworth League of Illinois the following officers were elected: President, Rev. C. F. Taylor, Lincoln; treasurer, Rev. F. L. West, Centralia; Junior League superintendent, Miss Libbie Hampshire, Monmouth.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., June 27.—The fourth annual convention of the State Epworth League ended last night. At yesterday morning's session Governor Altgeld delivered an address, which was heartily applauded. Several papers were read and discussed. Resolutions were adopted demanding prohibition of the liquour traffic

Illinois Flag Law Unconstitutional.

CHAMPAIGN, June 27.—The trustees of the University of Illinois who were indicted by the grand jury for violation of the Illinois flag law were arraigned in the circuit court yesterday to answer to the charge. A former plea of guilty was withdrawn and Judge Wright decided that the law was unconstitutional. The prisoners were discharged. This ends the famous case.

Phenomenon in Meteorology.

ALTON, Ills., June 29.—The phenomenon of snow within a week of the Fourth was witnessed here Saturday morning. The wind was blowing from the northwest and a drizzling rain was falling. The snow melted twenty feet above ground, and was noticeable only from upper windows. The precipitation of snow was but for a few minutes.

State Notes.

Lewis Roseland poisoned his 3-year-old daughter and then himself at his home in Pullman, Ills.

Mrs. Humine Ziesing, of Peru, Ill., has commenced proceedings in the circuit court for a bill of separate maintenance from her husband, Dr. Henry Ziesing, alleging cruelty. They were married thirty years ago and are more than 50 years of age.

A jury at Danville, Ills., has given William Cavanaugh and his wife and Mrs. Cavanaugh's daughter, Jennie Dunlap, fourteen years each for murder. Jennie got but 15 years old.

Patrick Collins, a laborer, was drowned in a ditch at Chicago. He had visited several saloons in the vicinity, the police say, and as he walked on the sidewalk near the ditch he lost his balance and fell in.

Thieves entered the residence of Christian Haas, Chicago, took a trunk, carrying it into the barn at the rear of the house broke it open and took therefrom $300 and notes and checks to the value of $2,500.

A. Mayo Caswell, night weighmaster of the Illinois Steel company, Joliet, Ills., was killed by a switch engine in the mill yards.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, June 24.

Notices have been posted at all collieries of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal company that work is discontinued until further notice. Eight thousand men and boys are made idle.

John Chamber, a laborer living at Chicago, attempted to board a moving train on the Michigan Central railway when he fell under the wheels. His right leg was cut off.

The City of Highlands has been annexed to Denver, increasing the latter's population by 10,000.

At Indianapolis, Ind., a team of horses attached to a carriage in which were ex-President Harrison and wife, started to run away and the rig was grazed by an electric car. The horses were finally quieted.

A hail storm in western Nebraska covered the railroads to a depth of four feet in some places and blockaded trains.

George R. Eaton, timekeeper of the Chicago department of public works, has been discharged, the civil service investigation having shown that the timekeeper had taken liberties with the pay roll. Eaton's own clock was unreliable, according to the evidence.

Thursday, June 25.

An aged man, name unknown, was blown into the lake at the foot of Sixteenth street, Chicago, and drowned.

At Montain Greene, Mo., a big fight is on over bloomers. Some of the girls wore them in public and caused a sensation. The ministers uphold dress reform while the papers declare the uniforms to be perfectly vulgar.

Emma and Louisa Dinker, aged 11 and 12 respectively, have been missing from their home at Chicago since Monday morning. They may have run away, but the indications now are that they have been kidnaped.

The supreme court of Ohio has decided the excise tax law, requiring express companies to pay an annual tax of 2 per cent. of their gross receipts on business done in that state, valid.

At Newton, Ia., during the performance of a circus a trick mule threw its rider and stepped on his breast, probably inflicting fatal internal injuries.

Nine bicyclists who were arrested by South Park, Chicago, policemen for riding without lights on their wheels were fined $5 and costs each.

Friday, June 26.

King Humbert unveiled a monument at Milan to the memory of his father, King Victor Emanuel.

James Winrow, of Atchison, Kas., has become insane studying the financial problem.

New York coal dealers have advanced the price of coal 25 cents on the ton.

John Barry, of New Brunswick, N. J., was placed under arrest for snoring. His defense was that he didn't know when he snored, and could find no law compelling him to remain awake nights to prevent it.

Mills & Gibbs' warerooms, on the third floor of the building at 24 and 26 Adams street, Chicago, were entered by thieves and $2,000 worth of lace curtains and draperies taken away in a wagon.

Henry M. Stanley, M. P., the African explorer, is ill in London with inflammation of the stomach. He has been unable to take food for several days and his condition is serious.

Saturday, June 27.

Milton B. Wells, who murdered Jennie Walters at Goshen, Ind., committed suicide by hanging, using a rope made out of his bedclothes.

Irving L. Ford, a negro, was hanged at Washington for the murder of Miss Kregio, a white girl 16 years old, who lived with her parents in the country about a mile from the city limits.

S. R. Dawson, who killed Walter Scott, his son-in-law, the day before last Christmas, was given ten years in the penitentiary by a jury at Des Moines.

News has been received at Washington that Venezuela has released the crown surveyor, Harrison, arrested for crossing the disputed boundary line.

Despite the protests of the English cable company the Brazilian government has granted to another company the privilege of establishing a land telephone service to connect Rio Janeiro with all ports north to Para. The concession is heartily supported by the press.

Mrs. George Behan has sued the city of Chicago for $5,000 damages because of her arrest for kissing her husband on the street.

Monday, June 29.

The strike of the employes of the Cleveland Stone company is still on and the Knights of Labor are directing it.

Joseph Cocking, charged with the murder of his wife and sister-in-law, but not yet tried, was taken from the jail at La Plata, Md., and hanged by a body of "best citizens."

James R. Gentry, the alleged "lover" who murdered Madge Yorke, the actress, at Philadelphia, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree.

Nettie R. Craven is the latest woman claiming to have a claim on the estate of the late Senator Fair on the ground of having been his "common law" wife. The attorneys for the heirs say her papers are forgeries.

John Phillips and Jacob Wirule were killed by an explosion of giant powder in a coal mine at Belt, Mont. John Hoyt was fatally hurt.

Prince Lief won the Milwaukee Derby, but was pushed so close by Muskalonge that his rider had to use whip and spur.

Miss Pearl Hicks was instantly killed, several other persons severely hurt and much property damaged by a tornado that visited the vicinity of Owensboro, Ky.

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THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS BEFORE THE REIGNING POTENTATE.

A Formal Reception by the Emperor. Stiff Necked Ceremony In the Midst of Rich Trappings—Magnificent Temples and Palaces In the Forbidden City.

After the present emperor ascended the throne of China his government yielded the point and agreed to receive the diplomatic corps in the same manner that they are received by the sovereigns of Europe. The first ceremony of the kind, which took place on March 5, 1891, was an event in Chinese history. The members of the several legations arrived at Fu Hua, or East Flower gate of the forbidden city, at 10 o'clock on that morning in sedan chairs, each escorted by two mounted officers of the Imperial guards. They were there met by the members of the Tsung li Yamen, who conducted them to the Shih Yung Kung, the temple of the great river god, when they were offered tea and sweetmeats. An hour later they were escorted to the Tsu Kuang Ko, or reception hall, a handsome building profusely decorated with gilded coverings and ornamented with gay colors. The hall is approached by eight marble steps, which lead to a broad marble terrace. Around this terrace is a balustrade supported by pillars of marble, pure white and beautifully engraved.

The emperor arrived about the same time in his chair, which was covered outside and in with yellow silk, the official button on top being gold instead of silver and the ends of the bearing poles being elaborately carved and capped with gilded dragons. The dean of the diplomatic corps, escorted by members of the foreign office, was conducted into the hall, the sides of the approach to the steps, the steps themselves and the terrace being crowded with eunuchs employed in the palace and civil and military officers whose rank did not entitle them to enter the presence of the emperor. Each member of the diplomatic corps was given a separate audience by the emperor, who was seated upon a marble throne. As they crossed the threshold they bowed, advanced three or four paces and bowed again, then advanced to a point between the two dragon pillars, where a third stop and bow were made. There a foreign carpet covered the floor of the platform, which was about three feet high.

The embassadors and ministers stopped about 12 feet from the emperor, where they made their speeches, which were translated by an interpreter into Chinese. They then advanced and handed letters of credence to Prince Ching, who had been standing on the left of the emperor. Taking the papers, he ascended the steps, approached the table in front of the emperor and laid them upon it, not kneeling until he had deposited them. The emperor replied to the speeches in the Mantchoo dialect after the diplomatists had returned to their places between the dragon pillars, his remarks being translated into Chinese by Prince Ching, sentence by sentence. The exit from the hall was made by walking backward, with bows at three places.

The sides of the audience hall were covered with inscriptions and rare paintings of enormous size. The ceiling was composed of wooden squares 1½ feet in size, divided by heavy rafters, all gorgeously painted with the dragon figures. The supporting columns were of red lacquer, covered with figures of gold dragons.

On the right of the emperor stood Prince Pe, on his left Prince Ko, and near him Prince Ching. The room was lined on either side by two rows of high officers of the Imperial guards and chamberlains, many being princes and dukes of the imperial family. No arms were visible except the swords worn by the emperor and the princes. The imperial escort, bearing long red lacquered spears, with silver points and a long tiger tail, could be seen just outside the doors. They presented a picturesque appearance. On either side of the emperor was a standard seven six feet high, supporting at the top what appeared to be pointed imitations of peacock tails spread out, the feathers indicating rank in China.

Lengthy inscriptions in Mantchoo were engraved upon a marble plinth back of the throne. Six immense incense bowls of old cloisonne, each guarded by an immense cloisonne dragon of great value, were placed around the platform, while from the ceiling were suspended eight cloisonne lamps made during the Tsa-Kuang dynasty. On the table in front of the emperor, which was covered with yellow satin, embroidered with figures of dragons, was placed the pipe of his majesty, a piece of carved jade and gold, the handle formed by the body and tail of a dragon, its mouth as the tobacco bowl.

Within the pink walls that surrounded the forbidden city are several temples and 40 or more palaces and other buildings which are occupied as residences by the emperor's immediate attendants and officers of the guard. They are all of one story and of uniform architecture, differing only in dimensions. Their exteriors are painted that peculiar white which Europeans have never been able to imitate and roofed with tiles of imperial yellow. The Fu Hua, or East Flower gate, is reached from the Tartar city by passing over a marble bridge, handsomely decorated and bearing several tablets with inscriptions that betoken long life, prosperity, happiness and other blessings. Immediately before the gates are the western gardens, handsomely laid out in the highest taste and skill in landscape architecture, and surrounding a lake that covers several acres. The nearest temple is dedicated to the great river god, and there the emperor offers sacrifices to appease that disorderly joss, who is responsible for the floods which so frequently devastate the lowlands of northern China.—Chicago Record.

MANICURING AT HOME.

One Branch of a Business That Is Constantly Increasing.

Of the greatly increased and still increasing number of persons who have their hands attended to by professional manicures, a considerable number now have the work done at home. Among the customers at the large manicuring establishments there are almost as many men as women. Those whose hands are cared for at home are nearly all women and regular customers. Operators are sent to them at any desired hour from the manicuring establishments, and there are now visiting manicures who devote themselves entirely to home work. The visiting manicure acquires the art in a manicuring establishment. An apt pupil can learn the work in two or three months. Then she sets about building up a route of customers. Women usually have their hands cared for once a week. They are not likely all to want the work done at the same time, and the visiting manicure endeavors to lay out a route that can be covered without loss of time and which will keep her constantly employed.

More and more parents now have the hands of their children, both boys and girls, cared for by a manicure, beginning when the child is 6 or 7 years old. In the case of children, the work is as often done to cure them of the habit of biting the finger nails as it is to beautify them. It is sought to instill in the child a pride in the appearance of the nails, and thus to prompt it to preserve them in good order. The work thus begun is likely to be continued for purposes of beautifying.

The number of people, men and women, who now have their feet attended to by the chiropodist, as they do their hands by the manicure, has also increased greatly. The work upon the hands is done to beautify them; upon the feet, for comfort. It is now required, by the law of June 3, 1895, that chiropodists shall pass an examination by a board of examiners of the Pedic Society of the State of New York. Some persons have their feet cared for at home, but much the greater number go to a manicuring establishment, in which chiropodists also are employed, or to a chiropodist's establishment.—New York Sun.

AN ABLE PRACTICAL JOKE.

It Created Considerable Excitement In a University City.

The Cambridge (England) Independent Press retells the story of the hoax perpetrated upon the civic and university authorities at Cambridge on the occasion of the visit of the late shah of Persia to that country. It was on Saturday, June 28, 1873, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, that a telegram was found lying on the hallkeeper's table in the Guildhall. It was directed to the worshipful the mayor of Cambridge, was signed by Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton and read as follows:

"His imperial majesty the shah of Persia desires to visit your university town today en route for London by special, arriving at Cambridge station about 1:10 o'clock. Be prepared with escort and reception as far as time allow."

Instantly everybody began tumbling over his fellow. The town clerk was sent for, and messages were dispatched to the vice chancellor, the members of the corporation, the volunteer officers and the cook of St. Peter's college kitchen. The vice chancellor hurried on his robes, the aldermen and councilors did ditto, the volunteers donned their uniforms, and the cook began to boil and fry.

Nor were the general public behindhand. Flags were hung out and crowds gathered in the street. Dr. Cookson, the vice chancellor (irreverently known in those days as "Dismal Jimmy"), made his way to the station as fast as his dignity would permit. The mayor, Mr. T. H. Naylor, and the corporation followed suit. A guard of honor and carriages were in waiting, and soon everybody was there except the shah. Then the news flew round that the railway officials knew nothing about the special train, and after a brief delay it was apparent that the whole thing was a hoax. The perpetrators of the hoax were never discovered, though two persons were afterward freely mentioned in connection with it. In the year of grace 1873 the era of practical jokes was past, but had the authors of the shah's visit been alive in the days of Theodore Hook they might have lived in literature.

Inhaling Carbonic Acid.

Professor Ugolino Mosso of Turin has tested the breathing of soldiers during an expedition up Monte Rosa, and found that the quantity of carbonic acid exhaled by a man at a height of 20,000 feet or so differs very slightly from what it is at the sea level or near it. The professor has also subjected himself to a rarefied atmosphere in the Physiological institution at Turin, and found that when the pressure in the air was still 24 centimeters (about 7 inches) of mercury, he felt no inconvenience, but when it was reduced to 20 centimeters (about 6 inches) he felt a great want of breath, and became unfit to make observations.—London Globe.

Artist Gould's First Success.

Mr. F. C. Gould's first successes as a caricaturist were in Barnstaple. He sketched the local jailer, and that important functionary went to the mayor. "He's been a caricaturin me, has young Frank Gould. He drawed a picture o' me as a—a Christmas pig wi' an orange in my mouth. I beant a-goin to stand it, Mr. Mayor." "Take no notice," said his worship. "Ah, but he's been a-caricaturin o' you, too, Mr. Mayor." The mayor thereupon intimated that he must warn the young artist.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Moslem women attach such importance to covering the face that when taken by surprise without a veil a woman will often catch up her skirt and veil her face with it, leaving the lower limbs bare to the knees.

TRANSLATION.

[Seneca, "Œdipus," 980 sq.]

Fate drives us on. Yield we to fate,
No carking cares will mend our state
Or change the web that fortune weaves.
Poor mortal man, who sins and grieves,
His course forefixed from heaven receives.
There is the thread relentless spun
Of every life beneath the sun.
Their ordered path all things pursue,
And from the old was born the new.
No god that knits the causal chain
That knits events might break in twain.
No prayer avails—his race each one
Foreruled must run.

—Academy.

WORKING IT BACKWARD.

Remarkable Things Shown by the Kinetoscope When Reversed.

"Impossibilities Made Possible by Means of the Modern Inventions In the Electrical Field" furnished the theme of a lecture given recently by Professor G. Queroult in the Paris Academy of Sciences. During some of his experiments he hit upon the idea to turn around photographic records and also the series of pictures seen through the kinetoscope, respectively the kinematograph. Having photographed a plant at regular intervals and shown in the kinetoscope the growth, the development of the stem, leaves, buds, flowers and fruit, the same consequence of photographic pictures reversed was presented to the eye of the astonished academicians, who wondered at the fruit turning into flowers, flowers into buds, buds drawing back into themselves and disappearing, the leaves closing, getting smaller and disappearing, the stem getting shorter and shorter, until the earth closes over it.

The most incredible things are developed before the eyes of the spectator if a most ordinary series of such pictures is reversed. A drinker takes up an empty glass and replaces it full upon the table; a smoker sees the stump of a cigar flying at him from the floor, takes it to his mouth and sees the smoke originate in the room, draws it into his mouth and into his cigar, which is gradually lengthened and finally replaced in the pocket. A wrestler, who has probably thrown away his garments, is recovered with them by their, so to speak, walking up on him into their places, while he himself performs motions of which we can understand nothing because we never saw these most ordinary motions performed backward; a man, for instance, seated at a table before an empty plate, works hard taking bite after bite from his mouth, until the chicken is whole again on the dish before him, and the side dishes are also returned full to their respective places. In order to fully enjoy an exhibition of the kinetoscope, such an exhibition should be completed by arranging alongside of each other the same scenes in regular order in one machine and reversed in another. It would be advisable, however, to inform the spectators previous to their looking at such a reversed series of pictures, for otherwise they might think themselves the victim of a dream, a hallucination, or something worse.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Hope When You Are Hard Up.

The hopeful phase is when we seek work for the first time. Possibly we are entire strangers to the great city and its ways. We have entered its gates without introduction, with little experience of life, less money, and yet with the grand idea of stepping into some lucrative appointment that may be had almost for the asking. If of an adventure loving and enterprising spirit, we are prepared to enjoy this new experience. The untried city has a fascination for us. Its streets, its buildings, the faces of its inhabitants—all touch our fancy. We set off full of hope. We are so sure that fate has something bright in store.

We go from agent to agent, from editor to editor, from publisher to publisher, from one place of business to another. Agents are naturally pleased to pocket their fees as they smilingly assure us they will do their best to find us work. Editors receive us with a tired air and point to a pile of unread manuscripts. Poor editors! Publishers do us the honor of assuming that we have a book for inspection. Business employers scan us with a commercial eye. "No business capacity" is their inward comment. We read it in their faces.—Good Words.

The Two "Dark Days."

There are two "dark days" mentioned in the annals of New England. The first occurred on Oct. 21, 1716, when it suddenly became so dark soon after noon that the people were forced to use artificial lights to do their ordinary work. This strange condition of the atmosphere lasted about 3½ hours. Again, on May 19, 1780, there was a remarkable darkening of the atmosphere, but the phenomenon did not come on so suddenly as that upon the earlier date. The darkness in this latter instance began between 10 and 11 o'clock on the morning of the day named and lasted throughout the day. The darkness extended from the northeastern part of New England westward as far as Albany and southward to Pennsylvania. The most intense and prolonged darkness, however, was confined to Massachusetts, more especially to the seaboard. It is said to have come from the southwest, but there is no mention of it made in the history of Ohio or the Virginias. The exact cause still remains one of the unexplained mysteries.—St. Louis Republic.

Their Minutes.

"I wonder," said a member of a woman's association, "why the report of the secretary is referred to as 'minutes?'"

"I don't know," replied another. "It always seems a great deal more like hours."—Washington Star.

Fun has no limits. It is like the human race and face. There is a family likeness among all the species, but they all differ.—Haliburton.

The long line of English precedence is closed by burgesses, who rank next below citizens, who follow officers of the army and navy.

THE THRONE OF THUNDER.

It Is the Highest Point on the Western Side of Africa.

Mungo Mam Lobeh, the throne, or place, of thunder, as the natives call it, the peak of Kamerun as the whites call it, is the highest point on the western side of the African continent.

The first view the voyager gets of it, who, coming from the northward, has been coasting for weeks along low shores and up the stagnant rivers fringed with mangrove swamp, is a thing no man can ever forget. Suddenly, right up out of the sea, the great mountain rises to its 13,760 feet, while close at hand, to westward, towers the lovely island mass of Fernando Po to its 10,190 feet, and great as is its first charm every time you see it it becomes greater, although it is never the same. Five times I have been in the beautiful bay at its foot and have never seen it twice alike. Sometimes it is wreathed with indigo black tornado clouds, sometimes crested with snow, sometimes standing out hard and clear as though made of metal, and sometimes softly gorgeous, with green, gold, purple and pink vapors tinted by the sunset.

There are only two distinct mountains, or peaks, to this glorious thing that geologists brutally call "an intrusive mass"—Big Kamerun and Little Kamerun. The latter, Mungo Mah Etindah, has not yet been scaled, though it is only 5,820 feet. One reason for this doubtless is that people desirous of going up mountains, a rather rare form of human being in fever stricken, overworked west Africa, naturally try for the big peak; also the little peak is mostly sheer cliff, and covered with almost impenetrable bush. Behind the Kamerun mountain, inland, there are two chains of mountains, or one chain deflected, bearing the names of the Rumbi and Omon mountains.

These are little known at present, and are clearly no relation of Mungo's. They are almost at right angles to it, and are, I believe, infinitely older in structure, and continuous with the many named range we know in Kongo Francaise as the Sierra del Crystal. In a southwest direction from Kamerun mountain, out in the Atlantic, is a series of volcanic islands, presumably belonging to the same volcanic line of activity—Principe, 3,000 feet; San Thome, 4,913 feet, and farther away still, Ascencion, St. Helena and the Tristan d'Acunha groups.—National Review.

THE FIRST CARRIAGE IN MAINE.

How a Minister Came to Buy It and Why He Sold It.

The Rev. Francis Winter was a native of Boston and a graduate of Harvard college. He went to Bath early in 1767, and after preaching on probation for the Orthodox church was invited to settle, which invitation he accepted. He was ordained in the autumn of the same year. He went to Bath on horseback in company with Lemuel Standish. Mr. Winter came from Boston, where he had associated with such eminent men as Adams, Otis and Warren, himself becoming an ardent patriot, taking the lead in the Revolutionary measures adopted in Bath during that memorable period.

Mr. Winter married Miss Abigail Alden in 1768, and it is through her that the Winters of today trace their ancestry back to the "Puritan Maiden of Plymouth."

Three years after the marriage of the Rev. Francis Winter and Abigail Alden they started to visit a sister of Mrs. Winter, living in Connecticut, and intended to ride all the way on horseback, but Mrs. Winter became so fatigued that Mr. Winter sold one of the horses for a carriage and harness. It was the first carriage that ever came into Maine and was called a chaise. Traveling was so difficult that two negroes were employed to accompany them with shovels and axes to clear the road. Several times the chaise had to be taken apart and lifted over fallen trees. The minister's parishioners thought that it was putting on too much style for their pastor to ride in a carriage, and in consequence Mr. Winter sold it. This was in 1771. It was a two wheeled chaise, the body resting on leather braces, which were attached to wooden springs.—Lewiston Journal.

What Kills Many.

A coroner in Australia recently reasoned out a verdict more sensibly than one-half the verdicts usually rendered. It appeared that an Irishman, conceiving that a little powder thrown upon some green wood would facilitate its burning, directed a small stream from a keg upon the burning piece, but not possessing a hand sufficiently quick to cut this supply off was blown into a million pieces.

The following was the verdict, delivered with great gravity by the official: "Can't be called suicide, bekase he didn't mean to kill himself. He didn't die for want of breath, for he hadn't anything to breathe with. It's plain he didn't know what he was about, so I shall bring in—died for want of common sense."

An English "Bull."

Sir Francis Scott, the British commander in the recent expedition against Ashanti, is not believed to be a countryman of Sir Boyle Roche, but in reviewing the troops after their return to England he made a remark which is almost worthy to stand beside some of those of the celebrated maker of "bulls."

Sir Francis, in addressing his men, said: "You were no doubt disappointed because this campaign gave you no opportunity to fight; but if there had been any fighting, there would have been many absent faces here today!"—Youth's Companion.

No Argument Against Tobacco.

Old Drywater—My boy, in all creation you won't find any animal except man who makes a habit of smoking.

Young Puffs—Yes, sir. But neither do I know any other animal that cooks his meals!—Pick Me Up.

NO USE FOR MONEY.

A SETTLEMENT OF QUEER PEOPLE ON THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

They Do Not Worry About Fine Houses and Raiment, and Food Is as Plentiful as Air—They Are Not Worried Over Financial Problems.

"We had to remain in Panama bay three days before the steamer sailed," said a traveler who had recently returned from a trip across the isthmus, as he lighted a fresh cigar, "and a friend and I decided to spend the time exploring the bay. We hired two India darkies, who had a long..., with a sail which could be utilized when the wind was fair, to row us around. Well, of course, we sailed up the canal as far as there was any water and saw the progress which had been made, or rather the lack of progress; but that is another story.

"We shot one alligator and shot at a dozen more. They were lying along the banks of the canal sunning themselves, and looked exactly like logs to the inexperienced eye from a distance. Upon nearer approach the log would suddenly become animated and would slide off the bank into the water with a splash.

"But what I started to tell about was a peculiar settlement of natives some distance up the northern shore of the bay. It seemed peculiar to me, but such things may be common down in that country. I am told they are. At any rate, it was a settlement of people who had kept themselves so far removed from the modern world that they had no desire for money.

"To tell the truth, they have little or no use for money, but yet I have never before seen people who honestly cared so little for the root of all evil as these half naked natives of the isthmus did. It was a small settlement of perhaps two dozen houses. A dwelling consisted of small poles stuck up endways, an inch or so apart, to allow the air to circulate freely, with a thatched roof. Each habitation consisted of one room, open to the gaze of all the neighbors through the spaces between the poles.

"In this lived father, mother, children, pigs, dogs, chickens and any other animals in the possession of the family. The children, up to the age of 12 or 14, did not wear any clothing whatever, and the adults none to amount to anything. Bananas, cocoanuts and other tropical fruits grew on every hand, and there were plenty of fish in the bay, which were easily caught.

"The members of the whole community seemed to spend their time much as the alligators did, lying about sleeping and sunning themselves. When they wanted any fruit, it was to be had for the picking, and the fish were secured almost as easily. It was a long sail in our small boat from the ship lying at anchor in the bay, but we had started early, the wind was fair and we arrived at the settlement about noon. The natives paid little attention to us and some of them did not deign even to wake up as we passed. Others partly opened their eyes and listlessly looked up upon our approach, but when we had passed they went to sleep again without so much as turning their heads to see where we were going.

"Our guides told us to pick as much of the fruit as we wished. We expressed a fear that the owners would object, but were assured that they would not. So we picked a basketful in one family's back yard, if that fenceless town could be said to have a back yard. But we felt somewhat guilty nevertheless in walking away with a big basket of delicious fruit without so much as offering to pay anything for it. We so expressed ourselves to our guides, so they told us to offer the people something—whatever we pleased.

"I took several small silver pieces from my pocket and offered them to the man who seemed to be the head of the family. He was lying with half closed eyes near the entrance of his home. He opened his eyes a little wider when I approached, looking at the coins in my outstretched hand, shook his head and mumbled something which I could not understand. I looked inquiringly at the guide, who had followed me. 'He says he has no use for it,' the guide interpreted, and so we went our way, and it was starlight when we again reached the ship."—New York Tribune.

Wales Not a Fashion Leader.

It is not true, one now learns, that the Prince of Wales is the leader of fashion. The heir apparent, in fact, is not allowed to be aggressive enough to be a leader. One of the proofs that he does not lead fashion is that he wears a silk hat with a sack coat. It also proves that he does not follow the fashion. The real swells who do set the male fashions once resolved to make an innovation during Ascot week. Sporting men were dressing in light clothes and white hats, whereupon all the men in the swim appeared in black hats, black frock coats and dark trousers. For some reason the prince had not been notified of this change, and was caught in the paddock in a snuff colored suit.—London Tit-Bits.

A Poisonous Frog.

People in general look upon all species of the frog as being perfectly harmless. Should you be traveling in New Granada (United States of Colombia), however, you would do well to let a certain little tree croaker severely alone. He secretes a poison equally as deadly as that of the rattlesnake. It exudes from his skin in the shape of a milky liquid and is used by the natives as a poison for their arrows.—St. Louis Republic.

According to the patent laws of Switzerland, work on a patent device must begin in that country within three years from the date of the patent.

The bones of all flying birds are hollow and filled with air, thus combining the greatest strength with the greatest possible lightness.

ENGLISHMEN AND AMERICA.

Many Who Have Been Warm Friends of This Country.

The fact is that the English public men who have understood America, or who have seemed to care to understand her, have, at least until recently, always represented a small minority. During the first century of our national life scarcely an Englishman of eminence was clear sighted enough to perceive America's real devotion to great ideals. Our British kinsmen thought us a horde of gradgrinds and nothing else, whereas, in spite of a seeming absorption in material things, the national life was grappling with mighty ethical and political ideas, which the selfishness and irresponsibility of politicians might sometimes distort, but could never stifle. Leigh Hunt, as Lowell used to remind us, could never think of America without seeing in imagination a gigantic counter stretched all along our seaboard, and we bore Hunt's ridicule with a complacency that was the more cheerful because his caliber and weight of metal were scarcely great enough to do much execution over sea. Carlyle sneered; we remembered his dyspepsia and forgave. Ruskin emptied the vials of his eloquent contempt upon our sacrifice to America's freedom and integrity; we abated no jot or tittle of our veneration for his prophet's message, while we strove to make just allowance for the vagaries of the hyperæsthetic temperament. These things it was easy to condone.

The Englishmen who have understood American life have judged it by something besides the froth of the irresponsible press and the antics of provincial "statesmen." Cobden's fatal exposure of his life to do us service and John Bright's brave words in the hour of our distress can never be forgotten. The memory of Thomas Hughes—alas! that we must write "memory" now—will always remain a rich and fragrant legacy, to which, in a peculiar sense, we are coheirs with Englishmen, while the work of Mr. Bryce has not only won our respect and gratitude, but is bound to leave deep impress on our life. None of these men was blind to the evident foibles, defects and crudities of the strenuous life of an earnest and virile people. On the other hand, none invited distrust by silly attempts to flatter or cajole. But all were quick to recognise in American aspiration, achievement, and representative character something other and better than mere bigness. They even ventured now and then to speak of these things as great; but the words sits better on their lips than on ours.—From "Duty of Englishmen to America" in Century.

INVENTORS DON'T PATENT.

Discoverers of Epoch Making Devices Took No Pains to Keep Them.

If you look back on the history of human progress, you will find that none of the great epoch making inventions has ever been patented. The man who lit the first fire—whether Prometheus or the party from whom he stole the idea, did not get a patent for it. Neither did the man who made the first wheel—in every sense one of the most revolutionary inventions in the history of man. The same thing may be said of the invention of soap, candles, gunpowder, umbrellas and the mariner's compass, or, to come down to our own day, of the steam engine and the electric telegraph.

Patents are mostly concerned with small mechanical details and improvements—it may be in candles or umbrellas or it may be in the application of steam and electricity—and by means of these patents enormous profits have been secured to second rate inventors, but the great ideas and discoveries which underlie these details have been given to the world gratis.

There is a general notion that if you did not protect inventions by means of patents inventors would cease to invent, and material progress would come to a standstill. But history does not bear this out in the least. Men with great mechanical gifts do not exercise them solely with a view to commercial profit any more than astronomers search the heavens for new worlds with an eye to registering patents and floating companies on the results of their discoveries.—London Truth.

At the Wrong Nuptials.

"If any man can show just cause why these two persons may not be lawfully joined together, let him now speak or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

Slowly and impressively the officiating clergyman spoke these words.

The solemn pause that followed their utterance was broken by a deep, strong voice from the rear of the church:

"May I ask you, sir, to repeat the names of those two persons who stand before you as candidates for matrimony?"

"George Washington Spoonamore and Jophenia Shaw," answered the clergyman, astonished at the interruption.

"Go ahead with the marrying," rejoined the owner of the deep voice, clapping on his hat and starting for the door. "It's all right. I had just got here, and hadn't heard the names. The wedding I'm trying to stop must be in the church a block and a half below here."—Chicago Tribune.

Got Rid of the Chaperon.

"I thought I saw you riding alone with a gentleman last evening."

"You did."

"But does your mother let you go bicycling with gentlemen without a chaperone?"

"No, indeed."

"But you had none."

"Oh, we had one when we started, but we punctured her tire to get rid of her."—Chicago Post.

Entitled to the Title.

"Why does Mrs. Wester always refer to her daughter as a queen?"

"She married a cattle king."—Detroit Free Press.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JULY 4, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—"The Gay Parisians."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Lost, Strayed or Stolen."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Ada Rehan.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"The Silver Lining."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Pinafore."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel.
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

DR. HIRSCH ON RACE PRIDE AND LANGUAGE.

It is a pity that the Rev. Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, of Sinai congregation, was not born in Ireland. But if he did not go to school there, he certainly met the scholars; for he says many things about a certain set of Jewish people in America that exactly fit a certain set of Irish people resident here. Dr. Hirsch is the most liberal of men. He has pride of race and tradition strongly developed, but he believes in Americanism—broad and manly, aye and womanly, Americanism, which means cordial relations between all the elements that are comprised in the cosmopolitan American population. The Doctor recently delivered an oration on "Flags and Flowers," which contains so many gems of thought that we are tempted to quote liberally from it. How applicable, for example, is the following passage to Irish-Americans who blench before Anglo-Saxon insolence, or to their children who shrink from being identified with the land that gave birth to their parents. Dr. Hirsch says:

"As a rejoinder to the vulgar prejudice against the Jew harbored in this country by the grand-children of washerwomen, hucksters and other humble followers of honorable occupations, which are, however, not of noble distinction in the designation of the fashionable world, a Jewish woman would certainly have the right to cast into the teeth of our shoddy aristocracy that will not admit her into the sacred circle, the fact that she may be a descendant of princes who ruled before ever one dreamed of keeping account of the successive generations of queens reigning in the so-called polite, but really vulgar fashionable society of America.

"As a call to the conscience of our own younger people, who deplore nothing so much as the cruel fate which makes them Jews, it is in place to tell these learned and wise men and women to remember, as they do not know, that to be a descendant of the Jews, if descent count for anything, is an honor and not a disgrace. We have given to the world warriors and statesmen, scientists and philosophers, and, above all, our past has contributed to humanity, what is highest, more precious than gold, and more glorious than science, prophetic speech and prophetic ideals, and lives in which these ideals had become flesh. For all you know, who deplore the accident of your birth, you may be a direct descendant of an Isaiah. Joshua may have been of your family. Paul may have been one of your kinsmen. And of this record of prophets and prophetic proclamation you would be ashamed? * * * * *

"We Jews are not Hebrews. I am not certain but that of all the ingredients that flow in my veins, the Hebrew is the least. The Jewish nation, like our American nation, was a mixture of all sorts of racial elements. The process continued clear down to the days of triumphant Christianity, and then even it did not cease altogether."

Now, an Irish speaker, might say to his kinspeople. You have no need to quake before the social pretensions of the wives and daughters of soap boilers, pork packers, dry goods dealers or tavern keepers, if descents counts for anything. You may be of the family of Columbkille, of Malachi, of Brian of Kincora, of Lorcan O'Tuhill, of Roderick O'Conor, of Art McMurrough, of Donald and Hugh O'Neill, of Hugh and Rory O'Donnell, of Sarsfield, of Father Murphy, of Henry Monro, of Marshal Lacy of Russia, of Marshal Brown of Austria, of Marshal O'Donnell of Spain, of Marshal MacMahon of France, of Gen. O'Higgins of Bolivia, of Gen. O'Donoju of Mexico, of Gen. Sheridan of America, of Henry Grattan, of Edmund Burke, of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, of Daniel O'Connell, of John Mitchel and of a thousand others known to fame and to glory. It is no crime to be rich any more than to be poor, but the rich "fashionables" of all breeds, in this country, should remember that social haughtiness is the surest badge of snobbery and upstartism.

Dr. Hirsch agrees with many able Irish savants when he says:

"Another test of national life is looked for in language. That a nation must have a language of its own, and only one language, is a common contention. Indeed, more than territory and in a deeper sense than race, does language token spiritual power and intellectual potency. Next to religion, there is nothing so intensely human as is language. It differentiates, at least as articulated speech, man from monkey. Nature before man is silent. With man it becomes eloquent. Man may be called the language builder. He is the architect of words. His thought-household is erected on the granite of sound, standing for sense and the bricks of his walls are syllables, and the roof is vaulted of poems and of periods, all quarried in the mine of linguistic impulse and linguistic power.

* * * * * * *

"Literature marks national distinctness. Without literature, it is true, nations are either embryonic or senile. But, bear in mind, literature is distinct from language. Unity of language is not necessarily, though it is usually characteristic of a nation. You have in Europe a nation, if ever nation there was, that is not merely uni-lingual or duo-lingual, but is tri-lingual, the Swiss. Switzerland has three national languages. Are there three nations in Switzerland? No! A distinctive type of thought stirs in Switzerland, and whether this distinctive thought finds expression in German, French or Italian words, it by its quality differentiates every Swiss 'book' from whatever book in Paris, in Berlin, or in Rome.

"In America, it is not absolutely essential that we should have one language. The fanaticism of the one language finds often assertion in our public prints. If we come down to bottom facts, our English is not an American language. A man may be a thorough American even if he does not know a single word of English, though it may hamper him in the execution of his public duties. And a man may speak English never so glibly, and still not be an American. There are probably so-called Americans in New York who turn up their trousers when it rains in London, who speak English with a certain accent of course, but they are not American; and I have known many an old German refugee from tyranny to America, who perhaps even today speaks English as she is "shpoke," and still is American to the core.

"Switzerland shows us that even trilingualism is compatible with national life. Literature, not language, helps make the nation; it is the voice of national consciousness."

No doubt some Anglo-Americans, who are only separated from England on business principles, will find fault with the Doctor's position on the unity of language. We do not. Any other tongue would suit us quite as well as the English, perhaps better, if it were only practicable to establish it. We know it is not, and this is entirely because our business interests, as well as our literature, demand that the English idiom shall be preserved as our national mode of expression. English has this advantage over all other modes of human expression: it embodies all the other tongues, or nearly all, and, hence, has a flexibility which makes it popular. It is, indeed, a superior kind of Volapuk, and, we suppose we will have to stick to it, Doctor, unless we can substitute Hebrew, or, better still, Irish for it.

BISHOP O'DONNELL ON GAELIC.

Bishop O'Donnell, of the Irish Diocese of Raphoe, is a strong friend of the revival of Gaelic in Ireland. Recently he was invited to attend a meeting of the Gaelic Union of the County Donegal, and having been unable to attend, sent a letter of regret, in the course of which he said:

"I gladly avail of this opportunity to wish the Gaelic movement in this country the full measure of success it deserves. It is not at all difficult for us to preserve the Irish as a spoken language if we have the will to do it; and, on the other had, to let it die in our midst would be to throw away a national treasure of great value, and neglect an educational medium of the highest importance to our people. There is no surer way to revive the spirit of love for knowledge among us than to cultivate the Irish language and fix it once more in a place of honor. The magic power of the ancient language to open and fill the minds of our people was admirably illustrated during the Confirmations when we had several sermons from priests who are masters of the Gaelic tongue. More ought to be done without delay for encouraging Irish in the National schools, and the parents of the school children might greatly assist the movement by teaching them to say their prayers in Irish as well as in English."

"A DOWDY OLD LADY IN A WATERPROOF."

Irreverence toward the British Queen! Monstrous! our American toadies, who trample each other down in London for an introduction to Wales or a presentation at a "royal" drawing-room, will exclaim. People may not think it, but there are, at least, a couple of millions of the so-called "American" element in this country unfit to enjoy the blessings of citizenship, they are so devoted to the aged stump of a woman who is supposed to represent the "majesty" of the British empire. But there are, in England itself, thousands upon thousands of men, and women too, who despise the ancient Queen, her plausible but worthless son and all their belongings. Reynolds' Newspaper is read by some 200,000 English Republicans, direct subscribers, who, no doubt, "pass it around" until its circulation easily swells to a million. It is, by far, the boldest organ of the masses published in either Great Britain or Ireland, and the Government, which would be only too glad to prosecute, or even suppress, an Irish newspaper for similar "offenses against royalty," dare not tackle that great mouthpiece of British republican public opinion. In the latest issue of Reynolds' to hand we find the subjoined, which we consider good reading:

"Amid all the numberless signs of snobbery and sycophancy around us, it is really refreshing to read the vigorous article "Ego et Rex meus" (I and my King), which "Ouida" has contributed to the current Forum. "Ouida" has her faults, as we all know. She has drawn many impossible and extravagant characters, and has lent her aid to the sensational-loving tendencies of the time. But when all is said and done, she is a powerful writer, and never have we felt her power more than in this Forum article. She lays about her with vigor, sparing no one. The German Emperor, Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the little King of Spain, with his toy soldiers and cannon, and the German Emperor's eldest boy—all are named directly, and all come in for satire or rebuke. The vain foolish life led by a man like the Prince of Wales, the everlasting putting on and taking off of uniforms, the slaughtering of pheasants, the silly deputations of mayors and town clerks, the feeding and guzzling, the invention of new follies to kill time, and the utter weariness and hateful ennui of it all—all these have never been satirized or exposed with more merciless vigor or in more brilliant style.

"Ouida" has also her biting observations on the poor foolish flunkeys who keep this sort of thing going, and who find the greatest pleasure of their existence in basking in the rays supposed to proceed from the common-place form of some dull scion of royalty. She mentions a brilliant literary woman—we have a notion we can penetrate to her personality—able, interesting, attractive; but who, the moment she finds herself in the same room with Queen Victoria, becomes imbecile, and is as much hypnotized as was Titania when she fell in love with the long ears of Bottom.

"The true point about royalty is, as "Ouida" points out, that when it was real men were justified in paying homage to kings, for they were then real leaders in war, real rulers, usually brave, often taking their lives in their hands, always responsible for governing the country and for leading their embattled hosts. Now-a-days kings and queens are pretentious and costly shams, not one of whom can or does earn his or her keep. They have, in the foremost countries where they are to be found, no real political power, while they exert a pernicious, abominable influence. It is really impossible, as "Ouida" says, to feel any veneration for a dowdy old lady in a waterproof toddling along between two lines of guards. People pretend to feel veneration, but it is only pretence; and therefore the false sentiment encourages the rank growth of hypocrisy, which is the worst element that can exist in a nation's life. The brilliant essayist also points out how intimately royalty and war are associated, how royalty designedly keeps up militarism and encourages its too numerous scions to hold high honorary posts in regiments, not because, as a rule, they intend to risk their precious carcasses in any real war, but for the purpose of stimulating military feelings in the country.

"There is one side of this question of royalty which is not often referred to, but on which "Ouida" dwells with no little power. We refer to the evil influence exerted by this now played-out and rotten institution on royal people themselves. We are constantly told by the lying hack writers in a section of the press of the noble qualities of this or that royal personage, while, as a matter of fact, it may fairly be asserted that every European royal person is a greedy, selfish individual—more so, we mean, than is the average man or woman. It is in the nature of things that it should be so when we remember the way in which these royal people are approached, flattered, cringed to, lied to by the fools and knaves who crawl before them. But, after all, the real problem lies in the existence of these same fools and knaves and the millions who actively or passively support them. We need a new Republican crusade on behalf of manliness, truth, self respect, the genuine virtue on which ultimately any noble kind of national life must rest. May such a crusade be forthcoming before long."

Treason! Treason! As Richard III. shouted on the day of Bosworth Field, when he saw the treacherous hosts of the Stanleys desert the "Sun of York." The Queen—the idol of Tom Fool Bayard of Delaware—"A dowdy old lady in a waterproof." Ye gods! Will not Bayard get some influential friend of his and Vic's to prod up the English attorney-general to a vindication of the rights of Bayard and the Widow Wettin? Oh, ye Powers, "a dowdy old lady in a waterproof!" Who ever heard the like before? What! "her most gracious majesty." Tom Bayard's "most gracious majesty!" "Will your most gracious majesty," quoth Tom, "permit your most gracious majesty's most humble and devoted slave to kiss your most gracious majesty's most serene and right royal and imperial hand?" And to have this royal, imperial and serene being of 77 summers called, "a dowdy old lady in a waterproof!" We feel for Mr. Bayard. His affliction must be truly horrible.

THE GUARDS AND THE SEVENTH.

All indications point to two magnificent demonstrations of kindred and friendly military organizations on July 4—the two battalions of the Clan-naGael Guards at Oswald's Park, and the Seventh regiment, National Guard of Illinois (Hibernian Rifles), at Ogden's Grove. Reference to THE CITIZEN'S advertising columns will show that both the dasing Seventh and the gallant Guards are well prepared to greet their thousands of friends at their respective picnic grounds. In a city that comprises in its population fully 500,000 men, women and children of Irish birth and descent, there should be surely force enough to fill both Oswald's Park and Ogden's Grove with magnificent crowds of patriotic Irish-Americans. The Guards and the Seventh represent the military spirit of the Irish race in Chicago and they should be heartily sustained. One thing is certain—neither body will ever bring dishonor to the American and Irish flags which are guarded by their sturdy ranks.

THE WICKED SECOND REGIMENT.

Some of our Methodist friends are raising a prodigious howl over the iniquity of the Second regiment, Illinois National Guard, which, not having the fear of God before its eyes but rather being moved by the instigation of the devil, did indulge in the grave scandal of a sham battle in the woods last Sunday afternoon. Two battalions of the regiment, commanded respectively by Major Dusenbury and Major Pulinton, thus violently desecrated not the Jewish but the Methodist "Sabbath." Among others greatly affected by the wickedness of the bold soldier boys is the Rev. H. W. Bolton, himself an old soldier, who has sniffed the villainous saltpetre in a hundred battles, that were not shams, and often on Sundays, too. For be it known to you, O! gentle reader, some of the most important battles the world has known were fought on Sunday, among them Aughrim, which decided the fate of Ireland, and Waterloo, which consigned "the last of the Cæsars" to St. Helena.

This horror of violating "the Sabbath"—Sunday is not, never was and never can be the Sabbath—is a disease which mostly afflicts the dissenting churches. In most of the latter, Sunday seems to be a day of penance rather than rest and devotion. Beyond going to church or Sunday-school, our dissenting friends make Sunday a day of gloom. Not so the Catholic church, which teaches strict observance of Sunday, such as attendance at mass and vespers, but generally leaves the people free to amuse themselves innocently during the hours not taken up by their devotions. All the great Catholic nations are liberal in their Sunday observances—France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Belgium, Bavaria and South Germany in general. Scotland, Sweden, England, Wales, Denmark, Norway, Holland and a few of the North German states, but more particularly Sweden and Great Britain, affect the strict Sabbath. They are mainly Protestant countries. Ireland is inclined toward a liberal Sunday, but is often much hampered in that respect by English legislation.

THE CITIZEN believes in a liberal Sunday, after morning church hours. It sees no harm in orderly picnics, military encampments or even sham battles. Neither can it conceive that the Creator is offended by the sound of church chimes, or the detonations of musketry fired off without malice. Sunday is the poor man's day—the day when he is at liberty to take his family to the parks, the woods or the prairies, as may suit him, and give them some change from the sordidness of their everyday surroundings. The loving divinity of Christ smiled upon peaceful gatherings of the people. He was always followed, and always loved, by the multitude—the poor, on whom He never frowned, for He was, indeed, their friend and Savior. When He rebuked, it was not the poor He rebuked but the rich Pharisees. "Oh, ye hypocrites!"

A riotous Sunday—given over to unlimited drink and debauchery—would be an abomination, and an abomination that should be speedily suppressed, but it would be no more of an abomination than a funereal Sabbath, with cold victuals and lowered shades, as if the day which God granted for devotion, rest and recreation was a period of sackcloth and ashes, weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth. From such a Sabbath, O Lord deliver us!

By the way, why cannot the Rev. H. W. Bolton and his Baptist friend, the Rev. P. S. Henson, now appropriately call the offending Second regiment "the Devil's Own?"

DEATH OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, philanthropist, publicist and novelist, died at her home in Hartford, Conn., on last Wednesday at the age of 84 years. She inherited, to the fullest extent, the genius of the Beechers, and like most of her kin, including her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, was a devoted friend of human liberty, irrespective of race, creed, color or previous condition of servitude. She will be best remembered as the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—a novel that, in its day, stirred the Free States of the North, as with a trumpet blast, in the cause of negro emancipation. It was, in fact, the most popular, and the most effective, book of the age, and has been translated into almost every written form of speech. The evening of Mrs. Stowe's long life was marked by a decline of her wonderful mental power, and, during the seven years preceding her death, she did nothing worthy of her early fame. The immediate cause of her death was congestion of the brain. Now that Mrs. Stowe has passed away, the intellect of the women of New England is most powerfully represented by Julia Ward Howe, the brilliant authoress of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

MAYOR MCGUIRE IS MARRIED.

So our good friend James K. McGuire, Mayor of Syracuse, N. Y., and editor of the Catholic Sun, has become a Benedict! On St. John's Day, June 24, he was married to Miss Francis Gertrude McGuire, daughter of Mrs. M. A. McGuire of Forestport, N. Y. We congratulate the youngest mayor in America on his good fortune, and we congratulate the fair young bride on her alliance with a gentleman who reflects credit on his American birth and Irish blood. May the young couple be prosperous and happy, and may the divine injunction to wedded mankind in the sacred book be generously fulfilled in their household!

NOTICE.

The officers of Irish and Catholic societies will greatly oblige THE CITIZEN by sending in their reports of society and religious events not later than noon on Wednesdays.

GOVERNOR MCKINLEY'S speech of acceptance to the committee of the National Republican convention appointed to notify him of his nomination—a synopsis of which will be found in our news columns—leaves no doubt that Protection will cut a chief figure in the coming campaign, so far as the Republican party is concerned. Gov. McKinley, quite evidently, places the monetary controversy in second place, but he is, unmistakably, for "an honest dollar."

THE CITIZEN is pained to observe that John Bull's newspapers are not satisfied with McKinley's nomination for the Presidency. Maybe it's because the Major is lineally descended from an Irish king.

THE CITIZEN is happy to announce that the Hon. M. J. Russell, collector of customs, and the Hon. Charles Kern, ex-county treasurer who were somewhat indisposed, are rapidly improving.

MR. POTTER PALMER was attacked by a congestive chill while in his office at the Palmer House, Wednesday. His physicians say that nothing serious will result.

REV. W. S. HENNESSY, the well beloved pastor of St. Joachim's parish, sailed from New York today, per the Cunard liner Lucania, for Ireland. Father Hennessy, although a young priest, has done great service for the cause of religion in this city. He is greatly admired by his parishioners, who will miss his paternal care during the three months of his absence in Erin of the Streams.

HYMENEAL.

SMITH–BURNS.

The marriage of Miss Katherine Cecilia Burns, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Burns, No. 9 Campbell avenue, and Mr. Thomas J. Smith, occurred Tuesday, June 30, at 3:30 p. m., at St. Malachi's church. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Margaret Burns, as maid of honor, and the groom by Mr. Frank T. Ryan, as best man. Mr. M. J. O'Leary and Mr. Frank J. Sherlock acted as ushers. The bridal party entered the church to the strains of "Lohengrin," played by Dr. Tebbetts. The bride looked beautiful in a gown of white brocaded silk, and she carried a bouquet of brideroses. The maid of honor was attired in pale blue brocaded silk and carried brideroses. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father William J. Lynch, of St. Columbkille's church, cousin of the groom, assisted by Rev. Fathers Thomas P. Hodnett and Daniel Luttrell. While the bride and groom were receiving the special blessing of Father Hodnett, Miss Alice Cusning Walsh rendered "Salve Regina." Dr. Tebbetts then played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and the bridal party, relatives and a few intimate friends repaired to the bride's home where a collation was served by Johnson. Mr. and Mrs. Smith left on an evening train for the eastern resorts. They will be at home to their friends Wednesdays, after Sept. 1, at No. 1230 Wilcox avenue.

GODFREY–BOURKE.

The marriage of Miss Mary C. Bourke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Bourke, No. 4716 Bishop street, and Mr. Macanlay S. Godfrey, of New York, was celebrated Thursday evening, the 25th ult., at the residence of the bride's parents. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. James Bourke, pastor of St. Michael's church, St. Louis, Mo., an uncle of the bride. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Nellie S. Bourke, and Roger J. Bourke, a brother, was best man. Owing to the pressure of business and the absence of the groom's relatives in Europe, the wedding was private, only the uncles, brothers and sisters of the bride being present, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy McNally, old and esteemed friends of the bride's family. Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey left immediately for New York, where Mr. Godfrey's business interests require his immediate attention, as he is the vice-president and general manager of the Central Oil & Supply Company of that city.

SACRED HEART SCHOOL.

The commencement exercises of the Sacred Heart school, Eighteenth and Peoria streets, were held on Thursday evening, June 25. The large and refined audience in attendance indicated that an exceptional treat was to be afforded to them by the Sisters of the B. V. M. The evening's entertainment far transcarded the high expectations of the public. The instrumental music was classic in selection, and the young lady performers manifested an artistic skill that would have commended admiration and applause from the most fastidious audience. The programme opened with the playing of Loue's "Joy Bells" by Misses Mary Lyon and Mary Clinch, whose fine execution secured for them an enthusiastic ovation. Miss Mary Brazzel, one of the three graduates, delivered the "Salutatory," which was a magnificent composition. A very classic and erudite essay, entitled "Moss Grown Arches," was delivered by Miss Anna Carroll, another of the graduates, in a highly creditable manner.

"Katinka, or The Indian's Trust," was a drama, in three acts, signally suited to a commencement entertainment. It was a fascinating novelty to the majority of the audience. The finale of the beautiful drama was delightfully appealing. Miss May Murphy, as Katinka, received, as she deserved, a flattering triumph.

A finely-executed piano solo by Miss Margaret Curtin evoked rapturous applause. The singing and illustration of the "Te Deum," by twenty of the young ladies, was a lovely and inspiring spectacular. A salient and philosophic feature of the programme was an allegory entitled "The Journey of Life." It was exquisitely performed by about forty of the children. Miss Margaret Powers gave, with fine elocutionary effect, an essay on "Music. The Language of the Soul." "Bellsario," an exquisite duet, was played by Misses Margaret Curtin and Bessie Clinch with the skill and perfection of true artists. The historical drama of "Joan of Arc" was powerfully and picturesquely illustrated. Miss Anna Carroll creditably delivered a recitation entitled "The Widow's Light."

The numerous rewards of gold and silver medals were made by the Rev. Father James Dowling, S. J. At the close of the distribution he eloquently and feelingly addressed the young and fair alumni. Miss Gudgeon received a royal ovation on being presented with a gold medal for unprecedented attendance and proficiency. During five years she had not been absent a single day. She was also honored with numerous beautiful bouquets. The delivery of an autographic valedictory by Miss Mary Condon, a graduate, was a grand climax of the evening's entertainment. A grand chorus, "Good Night," by all the children brought to a close exercises which delighted the audience till midnight had drawn nigh.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

The committee of arrangements for the Ogden's Grove picnic, to be held on Aug. 15, will meet in the club room of McCoy's hotel, Monday, July 6, at 8 o'clock p. m.

AN IRISHMAN.

Correspondent of the London Chronicle Says So.

A correspondent writes to the London Chronicle as follows:

"You say that Mr. McKinley, Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States is of Scottish origin. I think you might come a little nearer if you said Irish origin.

"As my mother was a McKinley, and had uncles on both sides who emigrated to Pennsylvania and Ohio for reasons not unconnected with the Irish rebellion of 1798, who kept up communication with her family until after the death of my grandmother, at the age of 108 years, you might not be far wrong if you sought the immediate origin of Mr. McKinley about ninety years ago on the borders of the counties of Antrim and Derry."

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

ROYAL WILLIAM.

Otherwise the Republican Candidate for the Presidency, William McKinley, Ex-Governor of the State of Ohio.

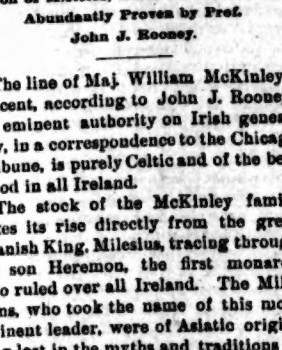
His Lineal Descent From King Heremon, Son of Milesius, Monarch of Ireland, Abundantly Proven by Prof. John J. Rooney.

The line of Maj. William McKinley's descent, according to John J. Rooney, an eminent authority on Irish genealogy, in a correspondence to the Chicago Tribune, is purely Celtic and of the best blood in all Ireland.

The stock of the McKinley family takes its rise directly from the great Spanish King, Milesius, tracing through his son Heremon, the first monarch who ruled over all Ireland. The Milesians, who took the name of this most eminent leader, were of Asiatic origin, long lost in the myths and traditions of the ages. Wandering and fighting their way over half of Europe they settled in that part of Spain forming the Gadelian colony in what is well known as Galicia. This colony takes its name from Gaodhal, a projenitor of Milesius, according to some, while the name of the province is derived from Gael, the name of the race. Milesius himself was called Gallamn, or Milleag Espine.

A prolonged drought with attendant pestilence and famine descended upon the Milesians, and a portion of the race, seized with the same restlessness that has led so many of the Irish of later days "across the salt sea," determined to emigrate. The brother of the father of Milesius, Ith by name, was chosen as chieftain of the wanderers. A great ship was built and the party, guided by Ith, coasted along the shores of Spain and France, made a bold sweep to the north and west and landed at Mayh Ithe, not far from the existing town of Laggan, in the county of Donegal.

The native king of the country had just died, and his sons gave hospitable welcome to Ith, when, accompanied by most of his followers, he journeyed to Oileag, now known as Innis Owen. But on his way back to his vessel, the Tuatha de Dananns, thinking the expedition to be the forerunner of an armed invasion in force, set upon the strangers and sent Ith to his long home. Lugaidh, his son, succeeded in the leadership and the worst fears of the natives were speedily realized. Spain was revisited



M'KINLEY'S COAT OF ARMS.

and heavy reinforcements, filling some thirty ships of war, were obtained. Milesius himself had passed away while the expedition was in progress, and his widow, Scota, with her eight sons and Lugaidh, her nephew, sailed with their followers. Heavily beset by storm off the Irish coast the ships of Donn and Ir, sons to Milesius, were cast away and all on board perished.

The leadership devolved upon Heremon, the ancestor of McKinleys. He effected a landing at the mouth of the river Boyne, to which his brother Colpa, having been drowned there, Heremon gave the name of Inver Colpa.

Heber, Amergin, their mother Scota and Lugaidh went ashore at Inver Skerry, now well known as Bantry, on the south coast. Heber won a great victory over the Tuatha de Dananns, near the present town of Tralee, famous in song and story, then called Slieve Mish, but at the cost of his mother's life. Her place of interment is still pointed out at Gleann Scothin. Going northward, conquering as he advanced, the forces of Heber were consolidated with those under Heremon. United the invaders inflicted a crushing blow upon the Tuatha de Dananns at Teiltown, formerly Tailtinn, staying there three weeks, and leaving the entire land at the disposal of the Milesians. In an attempted division of the country between Heber and Heremon, the greed of the former's wife set the brothers at open variance, and in the resulting battle Heber was killed. This overthrow at Geashill left Heremon the sole monarch of the island.

Heremon took to wife Tea, daughter of Lugaidh, son of Ith, and so his cousin once removed. Her selection of the hill of Druan Caen as the seat of government gave it the name of Tara—the hill of Tea—through whose halls the sound of music sped. After fifteen years the reign of Heremon ended, and he was buried in the County Kilkenny, famed for its fighting men and fighting cats the world over, on the banks of the River Nore at Argat Ros, a mile below Ballyragget, also known to song as the place where—

——I got all me l'arnin
For 'twas there that I first wint to school.

Mr. Mooney records that eighty sovereign monarchs descended from Heremon ruled in Ireland before the coming of St. Patrick. The immediate founder of the McKinley family was one of this race, Eocha Dubhlein, who owes his name to the fact that he was nurtured in Dublin. Eocha was brother to Fiacha Straivetine, first King of Connaught, tracing descent through Heremon, and the 120th ruler of Ireland.

To Eocha was born three sons, who came to be known as the "Three Collas." They rose against their uncle after their father's death and struck him down at the battle of Dubhcomar after he had been on the throne nearly forty years. His son and successor, Muredachus Tireach, carried on the war, and after four years of intervening strife captured the insurgents and exiled the "Three Collas" and three hundred of their principal chiefs into Scotland. But loyal kinsmen and the powerful order of the Druids intervened in behalf of the expatriated Irishmen and were eventually successful in their pleadings.

No sooner had the "Three Collas" returned when, finding themselves landless and unable to support their hereditary dignitaries, they raised an army of 7,000 men, though but twenty-seven of their 300 leading followers had returned from exile. Finding the occasion this force descended upon the King of Ulster and, almost annihilating his forces, possessed themselves of his realm.

It is from the youngest of the three brothers, Colla de Crioch, that the McKinley family takes its rise, says Mr. Rooney. He assigns to them a coat-of-arms, which is curious heraldrically, as bearing by way of charges two crests on a field gules, surmounted by a third. As three mottoes are assigned the bearers of this patronymic it is likely that sufficient research has not been made for the shields-of-arms proper, and that merely the crests and mottoes of three different tribes within the clan have been combined. This is the more likely, since to the armored arm and hand clasping the wreath may be assigned the patriotic motto, "Hæc manus pro patria"—This hand for my country—while to the buck belongs the legend, "Spernit humum"—He disdains the ground—and to the crest proper the third device, "Pugnando vulnera passa."

It may be added that none of these emblems have ever been used by Maj. McKinley or the members of the family.

ENGLISH ATROCITIES.

(Reynolds' Newspaper, June 14.)

The scent of blood taints the air of Armenia; the Turk-assassin slays his victims in Crete. But the Power which has been foremost in condemning the slaughter-breathing Ottomans is itself on the war-path committing atrocities of equal gravity, and with less excuse. The arid wastes of the Soudan are soaked with the blood of its people; the Matebeles are murdered by hordes of English intruders who have less right there than the Turks have in Armenia.

Until England reforms her ways, let her cease blaming the Turk. Where have the New Zealand Maori gone? They have been extirpated by the English. Where are the Australian aborigines? Slaughtered by the English. The plains of every part of Africa are whitened with the bones of men massacred by the English. May we not fear a judgment on a nation of self-righteous—a nation that in its elementary schools teaches the young to glory in these shameful atrocities, and whose national anthem is a vulgar strain of triumph over the weak.

The English people are as much responsible as their government for the commission of these atrocities. They have found the money for the hired assassins, and the priests of the State church have blessed these sanguinary doings. We are surprised that there is no agitation in Turkey to protest against the English massacres in the Soudan. A more cruel, wanton and wicked adventure we have never undertaken. The government can give no reason for it; the people whom we are slaughtering have done us no harm; and the English people are to be called upon to pay. Will the Daily News raise us a Soudan fund as it has raised an Armenian fund? Will Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Westminster denounce our atrocities in Africa as they have denounced similar atrocities by the Turks in Armenia? Oh, no; that would not be in keeping with the national character, which among our governing classes is largely founded on cant. We are always ready to detect the mote in the eyes of other people, while we fail to see the beam in our own. "Massacre" we call "defeat of the enemy"; "stealing" is known as "Christianizing and civilizing." We have, as regards weaker people possessing any property, much of the character and instincts of the murderers Fowler and Millsom, and we display rather the snuffling hypocrisy of the one than the dogged frankness of the other.

The debate in the house of commons on the Soudan expedition ended, as most debates in that house end, in a very unsatisfactory way. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Curzon were the official spokesmen for the government, and the object of both was to give just as little information as could possibly be conveyed. The publication of the Italian Green Book has shown conclusively that England was concerned in some kind of entangling alliance with Italy, and that the Italians were by no means satisfied with the results. As a matter of fact, we seem to have made use of the Italian situation in Abyssinia, to have exploited the feeling of commiseration for Italy, in order to suit our own purposes. Up to the present the upshot is this. Italy has practically abandoned her Abyssinian conquest, has retired to the strip of territory along the Red Sea from which she ought never to have emerged, Abyssinian integrity is secured, and now England comes on the scene with a war, which may turn out to be a big one, in the Soudan.

What are we doing there—what are we there for at all? It cannot now be to help Italy, for the Italian government has abandoned the dangerous and wicked policy of Crispi and has renounced, for the present, the idea of African conquest. It is, then, for the sake of Egypt, we are told (or, rather, it is hinted), that this Soudan expedition is taking place. Well, it is strange that Lord Cromer, who is the responsible authority for the condition of Egypt, should not have said one word, so far as can be discovered, in favor of the expedition, which fact as good as means that he was opposed to it and did his best to prevent it. Lord Cromer's one object has been to build up Egypt, to economize in finance, and so to make of Egypt a self-contained state which shall not need British or any other supervision. But this policy of our government means the squandering of Egyptian—and now it seems English—revenue on objects of the most doubtful character, and which are not rendered one jot less doubtful by the victory over the Dervishes which took place the other day. No one can prove that the Dervishes were threatening Egypt, and, therefore, an expedition against the Dervishes and the consequent destruction of the desert frontier which practically protected Egypt is a superfluous task.

The whole situation, it will therefore be evidednt, is wrapped up in the greatest secrecy, not to say duplicity. We are denied any information save what dribbles out of the mouth of that overgrown schoolboy, Mr. Curzon. We know nothing of the object of the Soudan expedition, we know nothing as to the means by which the expedition, if it becomes a big affair, will be paid for. We only know that the burning sands of the Soudan are being again trod by soldiers acting under the advice and inspiration of a secret conclave whose seat is really in London, not in Cairo. That is to say, we know enough to make us anxious as to the game being played, especially in view of its possible effect on our relations with two great European powers.

OBITUARY.

MISS ANNIE M. RYAN.

Miss Annie M. Ryan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Ryan, No. 9 Newbury avenue, died at the family residence, on June 28, after an acute illness of two weeks' duration. The disease that proved fatal was hemorrhage of the lungs, which came on unexpectedly The efforts of the best physicians could not check its progress, and so a model household has been deprived of a bright young presence, and fond parents and other relatives are crushed by sorrow for the dead. Miss Ryan was in her 24th year, and was a universal favorite. Her loss is deeply mourned by all who knew her. She was a graduate of the convent schools of the Jesuit parish, and was exceptionally bright and promising. The funeral occurred on Tuesday morning from the residence to the Holy Family church, where solemn requiem high mass was celebrated. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Kelly, who dwelt eloquently on the many virtues and graces that had distinguished Miss Ryan. An immense funeral cortege escorted the honored remains to Calvary cemetery, where they were laid to rest.

MR. MICHAEL HEALY.

Died, Sunday, June 14, at 5:30 a. m., at 11592 Front street, Kensington, Michael Healy, aged 43 years. The deceased retired Saturday night seemingly in good health, and late at night awoke with a choking cough and burst a blood vessel, dying without hardly a struggle; so quiet that no one knew of his death until morning. The deceased was well known in Pullman as street foreman for several years. He was a hard working man, of genial disposition, and made many friends. The funeral occurred Tuesday from the Holy Rosary church, under the auspices of the A. O. H., and was quite largely attended. The remains were conveyed to Mount Olivet cemetery and interred in the A. O. H. lot. Mr. Healy was a single man, and his only relative in this country is a brother in Wilmington, Del.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by Div. 29, A. O. H., at a recent meeting, on the death of Brother Michael Healy:

WHEREAS, The Almighty has called our Brother Michael Healy to the numberless fold of the souls departed, on the morning of June 14, 1896, and

WHEREAS, The heavenly call was unheralded by any previous indication of illness; we were deprived of his services in the co-operation of our fellowship, and furtherance of the brotherly love of our ancient and honorable Order,

Resolved, That we pray the blessing and happiness of eternal life may follow the honorable career of our brother; that his present joys may atone for the hardships, pains and sorrows of this life; that we are deeply grieved at his loss, and extend our heartfelt sympathies to his brother, John Healy, of Wilmington, Del., and his relatives in Ireland.

Resolved, That these resolutions be recorded on the minutes of this meeting, and a copy be sent to THE CITIZEN, New World and Kensington Enterprise. Wm. Bryan, W. J. Carroll, P. J. Tully, committee on resolutions.

COL. THOMAS E. MALEY.

Thomas E. Maley, lieutenant-colonel, United States army, retired, died at his residence in Englewood on Wednesday. Col. Maley was wounded on the field of battle and a complication of troubles arising from these wounds caused his death. While acting as regimental adjutant he was wounded at the battle near Gaines' Mill. He served with his regiment as a staff officer until the combat at Deep Bottom, July, 1864, when he was again wounded while in action. For his gallantry here and at Antietam he was breveted major. He was also distinguished in the Indian wars, and, in short, had a most glorious record as a soldier. Col. Maley was aged 62 years, and leaves a widow and six children. The funeral occurred on Thursday morning at 9 o'clock at 6516 Ross avenue, and the interment was in Calvary. The remains were carried to the grave by ten noncommissioned officers from Fort Sheridan, whom Gen. Merritt detailed for the service.

LIEUT. DENIS FITZPATRICK.

Lieut. Denis Fitzpatrick, of the South Chicago police station, died Wednesday morning at Mercy hospital. Dr. Steele performed an operation on him last Monday and it seemed to have benefited him to such an extent that his recovery was confidently predicted. Tuesday afternoon, however, a relapse set in. Lieut. Fitzpatrick was 55 years old. He leaves a family. He first became connected with the police department May 1, 1866.

JOHN M. DOWLING.

Mr. John M. Dowling, the well-known citizen, who had been ill of congestion of the brain since the middle of June, died at his residence, No. 137 E. Pearson street, on Monday, in the 52nd year of his age. He came to Chicago very early in life and accumulated considerable wealth, although always liberal with his money. He had his human foibles, like most of us, but he was sincere in his friendship, a good husband and an affectionate father. No man in Chicago was better known by the older generation of citizens, and the large attendance at his funeral, which occurred from the residence to the Cathedral and thence to Calvary cemetery, on Thursday, attested his personal popularity. Mr. Dowling was a brother of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Dowling, of Canada.

GAELIC POETRY.

Marbhna Chearbhallain.

(Ar bhás a mhná Máire Ní Mhc Guidhir).

"Atá fonn deas leis an Grán seo; is é an t-ainm is coitchinne atá air "Sógh an Ghráinne Eorna," "The Juice of the Barley."

Inntleacht na h-Eireann na Gréige 's na Rómhe
Bidheadh uile i n-soinfheacht i n-aon bheirtin rómham-sa
Ghlacfainn mar fhéirin tar an méid sin de na seoiidhibh
Máire ó'n Eirne a's me bheith d'á pósadh.

Is tuirseach tinn tréith-lag me féin gach tráthnóna,
'S ar maidin ag éirighe ó d'e ug uaim mo nuadhchar.
Fághaim anois tréada 's gach saidhbhreas d'ár nósaibh
Ní ghlacfainn 'na dhiaigh sin aon bhean le pósadh.

Fuair me seal i n-Eirinn go h-aoireach 's go sóghmhuil,
Ag ól le gach tréan-fhear bhi éifeachtach ceolmhar;
Fágadh 'na dhiaigh sin liom féin me go brónach,
I n-deireadh mo shaoghail 's gan mo chéile bheith beo agam.

M'inntleacht mhaith aoireach ni fhéadaim a chámhdach
M'inntinn 'na dhiaigh sin is léir go bh-fuil smúiteach;
Go deimhin id' dhiaigh-se ni fhéadaim bheith sógach,
A Mháire na céille 'san t-saoghal bhi go cliditeach.

IRISH ITEMS.

From a Friendly English Paper.

I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, 'How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?' "

Hydrophobia has been alarmingly prevalent in all parts of Ireland this year, and very considerable expense has been incurred in sending patients for treatment to Paris. Latterly, however, it has been discovered that this terrible disease can be quite as satisfactorily dealt with at home—not, of course, by the doctors, but by a few "unqualified" specialists. One of these is a Mrs. Mary Kelly, of Dalystown, Castlerickard, Trim, county Meath, who has recently successfully treated numbers of persons who had the misforture to have been bitten by mad dogs.

College House, Youghal, county Cork, formerly the residence of the Earls of Cork, is now in the market and will shortly be brought under the hammer. It lies close to Myrtle Grove, the historic abode of Sir Walter Raleigh for many years, and occupies the site on which stood the celebrated "Our Lady College," a religious house founded by the Earl of Desmond early in the fifteenth century.

At the recent annual conference of the Federal Union of Bakers of Ireland, held in Dundalk, under the presidency of Mr. John Maginn, a resolution was adopted in favor of the federation of all the branches in Ireland, the question of amalgamation, which was also suggested, being regarded as premature.

The action of the National Cycling Union in refusing to allow Irish riders to compete at English championship races has greatly incensed wheelmen of all classes on this side of the channel. The refusal, it seems, was based on the alleged misconduct of certain riders whose names have been published, but the charges against these men have not been specified. Reprisals have been threatened by the Irish Cyclists' association, who consider the course adopted by the N. C. U. as a direct infringement of the agreement between the two bodies and an insult to the amateur cyclists of Ireland generally. The whole subject is to be discussed at a special meeting of the council of the I. C. A., which will be held at an early date.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin has received a presentation commemorative of his visit to Billingsgate market in March last. It consists of a square slab of richly-veined polished marble, with channeled and beveled edges, mounted on a broader slab of Carrara marble, and elevated on four supports. A silver garland of shamrocks, roses and thistles, twined round two clasped hands, exquisitely wrought in relief, ornaments one of the edges, and immediately above on the surface of the slab is placed a silver tablet bearing the following inscription: "To the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor of Dublin, as a souvenir of his visit to Billingsgate market, March 10, 1896. From Alexander Ritchie, J. P., chairman of committee."—Reynolds.

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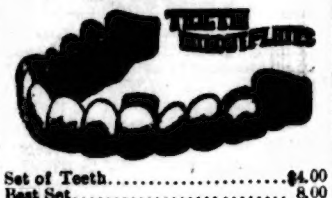

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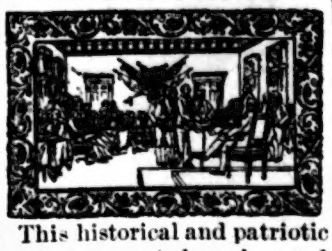

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OPTIMISTS.

Because of the mild weather
The birds take heart and sing,
Blackbird and thrush together,
Linnets are on the wing.
And, gathering wool and feather,
The birds say, "It is spring."

In every bush and cover
Are silver flutes and gold.
The robin's singing is over
That cheers us in the cold.
When every bird is a lover,
Red robin's tale is told.

O birds, too quick believers,
Winter may come to stay,
With white and silent rivers
And grass blades stiff and gray
And a world that cries and shivers
Instead of a wedding day!

"Peace!" say the birds. "Go marry,
And love shall teach you mirth.
We may no longer tarry
Beside a fireless hearth,
With a house to build and quarry,
For the sweetest head on earth."
—New York Tribune.

A NAVAL ADVENTURE

It was dismal outside, for the rain fell unceasingly, but Mrs. Traynor's dainty drawing room looked the picture of comfort that dreary evening. Isabella, Captain Traynor's young wife, was herself a picture worth looking at. She had been the reigning belle of her native city before marrying the most popular captain in the navy, who, many years her senior, was very proud of his handsome young wife, who was admired by everybody.

The seaport town had long been noted for its pretty girls and beautiful women, and Mrs. Traynor, too sure of her own popularity to feel jealous, was sure to have some of them with her. On this particular evening the captain had brought home half a dozen brother officers to help entertain his wife's guests. They were scattered about the room, chatting gayly with the young ladies, and all of them more or less jealous of Lieutenant Robert Brighton, who was the lion of the hour, because he had only just returned from his first long cruise and being one of the fortunate few who know just how to look and say the unutterable things that are sure to make one a favorite with the fair sex they petted him until he was in a fair way of being spoiled, as he had rather a good opinion of himself and knew his own merits in spite of pretended modesty.

"Tell us something thrillingly exciting," urged Belle Talby, flashing her black eyes bewitchingly at the handsome lieutenant.

"One of your own love stories would do, that, no doubt," said Cora Mc- shaking her blond head vi- as she noticed the glance return- wicked Bob to the black eyed

"d for a story first," pouted I we don't want one of his s, for we will all have chance fore the winter is over to see lenty of our handsome lieutenant's affaires de cœur. Won't we, though?" said the little tease provokingly.

"All right, then," replied our young hero, unabashed at being the center of attraction. "I will tell of an adventure we had just before we landed at Yokohama.

"I shall tell you a story that is a mixture of adventure, in which fire, water, love and jealousy all figure prominently. No, Miss Cora, it is not one of my own love affairs. I only wish it were, but our lieutenant commander, Clayton Ried, is the hero of this tale, and as he modestly objects to talking of the matter as an act of bravery I for one shall tell his story, although his reward was so great we all felt that he was paid for the pain he suffered in doing that which the rest of us were afraid to undertake.

"He rescued a crippled old man and the most beautiful young girl I have ever seen, present company excepted, of course. She was a stunning beauty, though," continued the lieutenant. "Her eyes alone were enough to take any man captive, and we all agreed that it was a shame that Ried should capture such a prize when he was the least susceptible fellow among us. He was, in fact, considered a woman hater, and he seemed to shun them upon every occasion, but he got bravely over that after he rescued the little princess, as we called her.

"Captain Lamond said that Ried had been one of the jolliest, best liked fellows in the navy until an unfortunate love affair a few years ago soured him so that he was like a different man—almost unapproachable to most people who came in contact with him. We were mighty glad of the change in him, although he coolly cut us all out without an effort, while we were trying our best to win. That he was the bravest among us no one disputes, and that is why he is the hero of this tale of reckless bravery."

"Whom did you say?" asked Mrs. Traynor in a low voice, touching his arm gently.

"Lieutenant Commander Clayton Ried," replied Bob, wondering at the look of intense jealousy on the fair face before him as she asked the question.

"What was this great act of bravery that the rest of you dared not do?" questioned Mrs. Traynor eagerly, drawing nearer to the story teller, as if she were afraid she might lose a word of the tale, in which she seemed to take an unwonted interest.

"I will tell you," said the lieutenant. "Several miles out from our landing at Yokohama we discovered a small ship which had run up the signal of distress, and upon getting nearer we could see she was on fire. The wind was blowing a gale, and it was no easy matter to get within reach of the doomed vessel, but we made every effort to do so. The flames were growing fierce, and there seemed no place where the small boats could run close to her without danger of getting into the fire. After making several attempts the men declared the only way they could save the people, who were crying for help, was to have them jump clear of the fire, and our boats could pick them up. Most of them did this and were saved without being hurt, but they were badly frightened.

"Thinking the last of the passengers and sailors were safely carried to the ship, we were horror stricken to see on the upper deck of the vessel a white haired old man standing, with his arm around the shoulders of a young girl. He seemed to be urging her to jump and save herself, and she was as firmly refusing to move. One of the sailors whom we had picked up said: 'Oh, that's the captain and his daughter, Miss Aline. The captain broke his leg this morning, so he can't jump, and the girl won't leave him. They have no one else in this world—just them two,' continued the sailor, 'and they'll die game, for the young lady's got plenty of pluck as well as the captain.'

"Before the man had finished talking, Commander Ried had drawn his cap over his ears and thundered an order to take him alongside the fated boat.

"'You can't get to them now,' the rest of us said.

"'I shall do it or perish in the attempt. I shall save those people at all hazards,' replied Ried curtly.

"'I am afraid your own life will pay the forfeit, my boy,' the captain said, but he did not interfere with his lieutenant commander's orders.

"'I should not regret that, captain, for it is not a life worth living at best.'

"The sailors dared not disobey and pulled quickly as near the burning vessel as possible.

"Putting on a heavy pair of leather gloves to protect his hands from the heat, Ried sprang like a cat from the bow of the boat, catching at the only place on the side of the vessel that was not enveloped in flames where he could hold on to climb to the upper deck, which was not yet a prey to the fiery elements. Seizing the old captain, whose strength was nearly gone, our brave hero half carried, half dragged him to the only spot now left them for escape.

"'Follow me,' he said to the plucky girl who had faced death rather than leave her father to die alone.

"Reaching the place where the small boats were hovering near as possible, he tied a rope securely around the captain's waist. Then, calling to the men to catch him, he swung him clear of the flames, letting him drop into the waters below none too soon. It was hard lines for a man with a broken leg to be thus roughly dealt with, but it was that or roasting alive, and the captain was man enough to feel nothing but the gratitude due his rescuer.

"'I shall surely save your child,' Ried said to the poor father when he insisted upon his daughter being saved first, even if he had to be left to his fate. Taking the slender young form in his arms, the lieutenant made a fearful leap, barely escaping the scorching flames, which seemed like angry demons cheated of their prey. Down, down, into the dark waters they sank, closely clasped in each other's arms.

"The sailors and the half crazed father were afraid they had only escaped the cruel flames to find a grave in the angry sea, for it seemed a long time before they arose to the surface after that terrible leap for life.

"At last they were seen by the eager watchers, who lost no time in getting them into the boat and rowing rapidly to the ship, where ready hands helped to care for the sufferers. It was not long before the surgeon had done his part. The old captain's leg was set, and he was sleeping from exhaustion. The daughter had been unconscious when they took her from the commander's arms, but she was unhurt and was given a stateroom, where she was ordered by the doctor to get into bed while her wet clothing was dried and pressed, as there was no possible chance to replenish her wardrobe until we landed, unless, like a new woman, she was willing to don masculine attire.

"Until he had seen his charges well cared for, Ried did not speak of his own sufferings, which must have been almost unbearable, as his hands and arms were so badly burned the scars will never leave them entirely. He had been obliged to cling to the side of the vessel while on his errand of mercy and did not dare to let go, even when the iron bands took the skin off his hands, burning deep into the flesh.

"We were all full of curiosity about the maiden, of whom we had only a slight glance before the matter of fact doctor spirited her away. That one glance was enough to show us that she was a beauty, and we all felt envious of Ried, who, we declared, would never half appreciate the advantage he had as the man who had saved her life and that of her crippled father.

"Our curiosity was not gratified until the next morning, when she burst upon our vision like a bright star, without a sign of the danger through which she had passed in the fight for life with fire and water, from which she had been rescued not a moment too soon by the brave man who became her hero from that hour. As she entered the cabin, gracefully at ease in spite of the fact that several pairs of eyes were glancing admiringly at her, we all arose to greet her; but, passing us by until she reached Commander Ried, she took both of his poor, bandaged hands in her soft, white palms, and, raising the most glorious pair of eyes to his face, she faltered: 'You saved my father's life and mine. I thank you. Oh, I do thank you, more than I can ever tell you, you brave, good man! I can never forget that we owe our lives to you. Death seemed so terrible when we thought we must die, and we had given up all hope'—with a shudder at the recollection—'when you came to save us.'

"She and her father staid with us until he was perfectly well, and it was a sad day when we had to part from our little princess, who had been a jolly little tyrant, I assure you. We were all her most obedient slaves, but our efforts to cut Ried [illegible] less, as she considered us only secondary considerations.

"I never saw a fellow change as Commander Ried did in that short time. He was full of fun and the very essence of gallantry, outvying us in everything, from tender sentiment to the brilliant repartee for which he became noted. The captain told us that he had always been like that until the three years past, when, without giving any reason for it, he had become the distant, cynical fellow we had found him.

"The princess used to insist upon helping the surgeon dress his burned hands every day, and she was his devoted nurse until he was nearly well. Then she tormented the life nearly out of him by flirting outrageously with the rest of us. I confess to having been one of the victims myself and had quite a sharp wound from that quarter, but the little rascal only laughed at me when I told her so. Ried used to look savage when she made eyes at any of us, and I think she dearly loved to torment him, although they invariably made up, after the fashion of all lovers."

"Where is he now?" asked Mrs. Traynor in a voice unlike her own. Bob turned quickly to look at her. As the firelight flashed brightly for an instant, showing the pale, set face, with eyes so full of jealous pain they betrayed the secret she had so bravely and successfully hidden that no one had ever thought the life she was leading was not the fullest happiness she had known. He remembered then the faint whisper of how she had been madly in love with a young officer, whom she had afterward jilted because he was not rich enough to keep her in the luxuries she felt she could not live without, and how, at the last moment, she had given him up when the wealthy captain sought her in marriage, and as she had seemed very happy as his wife the gossips had made up their minds that she had not cared for the young lieutenant after all. Alas, poor Isabella! After three long years of struggling to forget, Bob's story had roused all the slumbering pain she had suffered in giving up love for wealth, and she was filled with the most intense hatred toward her rival, who had come into the life and heart she had left desolate by her desertion. She had thought it impossible that he should ever care for any other woman in this world while she lived, even though she must be as one dead to him, and now, in a moment of passionate jealousy, she had betrayed her secret to Lieutenant Brighton. The thought was intolerable to her proud spirit, but Bob, with a chivalrous desire to show that the unspoken confidence was sacred, quietly laid his hand on hers for an instant, as he added:

"Your secret is safe, my dear Lady Isabella," said he, gently raising her white hand to his lips. "You can trust to my honor that neither Clayton Ried nor any one else shall ever know from me that our captain's wife is not the happiest, just as she is the most charming, woman in the world."

"You will tell me if you hear any further news from him, will you not?" pleaded Isabella in a low voice, as she left the lieutenant to receive other guests who were just arriving.

"Yes, surely," he replied, but he did not keep his word, for in less than a month from that time he received a letter from Commander Ried, which read:

RICHMOND, Oct. 15, 1894.

Lieutenant Robert Brighton, U. S. N.:

MY DEAR BOB—For the sake of the warm friendship between us during the eventful cruise from which we have just returned, I write to tell you of the coming event which will make me the happiest man in the country. You may not know that soon after we landed I obtained leave of absence and started at once for old Virginia. I was welcomed right royally by the captain and sweetly though shyly by his daughter, the "Little Princess." I have been there ever since, and that I have made good use of my time you will say when I tell you that when I leave I shall take with me the bonniest bride that ever the sun shone on—none other than Aline, only daughter of Captain John Raymond of Richmond.

Come down and act as best man for me. The captain and Aline send you a pressing invitation to their hospitable Virginia home, and several pretty girls will be here to help entertain you.

Let us know when to expect you at your earliest convenience. Regards to all old friends. Yours as ever,

CLAYTON B. RIED.

"Alas, poor Lady Isabella!" said the lieutenant to himself as he finished the commander's letter. "It is really the best thing that could happen to her, but I'll be hanged if I can be the one to tell her," he added as he carefully folded and put the missive away, knowing that to show it would only add to the heartaches and remorse of one fair woman who had surely suffered enough for the mistake she made in believing anything can ever take the place of love."—Celeste A. Dobbins in Philadelphia Times.

The Lake Carrying Trade.

Canadian vessels, whether steam or sail, are at a disadvantage, compared with American craft, in the carrying trade of the great lakes of this continent, because so many of them are built of a limited size to go through the canals to Lake Ontairo and Montreal, whereas the later American craft are of much greater size, not requiring to go farther east than Buffalo on Lake Erie. The largest of these are 300 to 400 feet in length, and able to carry 100,000 to 200,000 bushels of grain on a draft of 16 to 18 feet of water. Some of the latest Canadian steamers can, however, carry cargoes of 50,000 to 70,000 bushels. We hear this week of some new vessels of the Kingston and Montreal Forwarding company—namely, the Thrush, capacity 47,000 bushels of wheat, and the Lapwing and the Hiawatha, 40,000 bushels each, which go up to Port Arthur, Lake Superior, where they load wheat at Fort William for Kingston.—Toronto Monetary Times.

To the Letter.

A Morrisville (Vt.) man started out on a fishing trip only to run up against a notice, "No fishing up this stream." He made a detour of several miles, reaching the head of the stream, and then fished down, thus avoiding the injunction of the owner of the land.—Boston Herald

VOICELESS CLUBS.

THEY ARE SOCIAL ORGANIZATIONS WHERE DEAF MUTES GATHER.

Quiet but Animated Discussions of Leading Questions—Athletic Clubs Which Contain Record Makers—New Fields Are Opening For Speechless Workers.

Deaf mutes, who have been supposed to lead a life of silence and uselessness, are rapidly forcing themselves into prominence.

There are in this city a number of social, literary, athletic and benefit clubs the members of which are all deaf mutes, many of whom make their own living by following a variety of vocations. In certain classes of work the deaf mute has proved himself fully as competent as the man endowed with speech, and in consequence the field of labor in which they can earn a livelihood is being constantly enlarged.

In speaking about deaf mutes, for whose good and education the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., has worked for over half a century, the preacher to the silent said: "There are throughout the state of New York nearly 40,000 deaf mutes, a large number of whom have passed through the institute at Lexington avenue and Sixty-seventh street, and as they grow up enter the world and battle for their livelihood.

"For this purpose we have in this city the Deaf Mutes' Union league, the Lexington club, the Quiet club, the Manhattan Literary association and the Quod club. It is here that the largest number of mutes is to be found, as they naturally like to live near those similarly afflicted, so that they can exchange ideas and enjoy the social amenities of life.

"The Union League Club of Deaf Mutes is a social club, with rooms at 205 East Sixty-seventh street, and while the members meet to a great extent for social purposes the interests of those who are similarly afflicted and mutual help are the chief objects of the members.

"This club and the Quod club, which has rooms in Waverley place, hold meetings every week, when different subjects are brought up for discussion. Many of the members take a great interest in politics, and silent but exciting arguments often take place.

"The Lexington Athletic club is a club of mute athletes, with rooms in the Cafe Logeling, where many of the members meet every evening. There are among them several men who have made records for themselves in the athletic world. They are enthusiastic bicyclists and have a very good baseball nine, which plays the smaller clubs in and around the big cities and have an annual series of matches with the boys of the Institute For Deaf Mutes on Washington Heights. They never talk back at the umpire.

"Besides these clubs there is the Guild of Silent Workers, that meets on the last Tuesday of each month at 224 Waverley place. The officers of this guild are the Rev. Dr. Krans, president; the Rev. Charles Chamberlain, chaplain; S. M. Brown, secretary, and W. G. Jones, treasurer. The Manhattan Literary association is, as its name implies, given up to literary work, and its members meet on Thursday evenings at the Waverley place house, listening to lectures, papers, etc., and always ending the evening with a sharp and critical discussion. The chief object of this association is to bring before deaf mutes the best literature of the day, and especially any matter that may be of particular interest to themselves.

"With regard to the trades and professions that our pupils take up in after life, there is no reason why any of the young men who pass through our institute should not find employment. They are thoroughly competent to do excellent work in many branches of trade, and numbers do so. At present we have two men in the distributing department of the postoffice and a few in the custom house warehouses.

"In Washington quite a number of mutes find employment in the different public offices. The men work as cabinet makers, shoemakers, printers and cooks, while a large number are employed as packers in large wholesale and retail stores. Deaf mutes are well adapted for farm labor and nursery gardening, and quite a number get such employment.

"The women, as a rule, become expert seamstresses, and much of the finest embroidery work is done by them. They readily learn the ceramic art, and many of them earn a good living by painting on china and such work. Quite a number find employment in the big bookbinding establishments, where they readily pick up the work and give great satisfaction. At the Gallaudet Home For Deaf Mutes, on the Hudson river, near Poughkeepsie, we teach the men how to become farmers, kitchenmen and flower gardeners. Our 165 acres of land are as well cultivated and as productive as any similar plot of ground. It is only after they have been trained here that they are sent out to work as laborers and gardeners for those who apply."—New York Recorder.

Brain Measures.

A machine in operation at the University of New York is known as the pendulant chronoscope. By means of this experiments are made in measuring the brains of children and charts are drawn out giving the results. A child is shown a shutter and told to press a button as soon as the shutter drops. The interval between the pressing of the button and the dropping of the shutter shows how quickly the child can respond to an optical impression, and, consequently how smart it is. The charts show that boys average better than girl in brightness and general capability.

Wood For Food.

The veddahs, or wild hunters, of Ceylon mingle the pounded fibers of soft and decayed wood with the honey on which they feed when meat is not to be obtained.

FUNERALS IN PALESTINE.

Manifestations of Grief That Come Down From Great Antiquity.

At each death the women begin a peculiar lamentation, by which the entire village is informed that a death has taken place. At once the relatives come in their best clothes and join in with the lamentation. The women nearest connected with the departed rend their clothes—i. e., the upper garment, which is in the shape of a shirt, and is held by means of a girdle around the waist. The garment they seize at the opening in front of the chest and tear it downward, and the deeper the grief the larger will be the rent. This is afterward stitched together, but in such a way as to show the seam on the outside. Then these mourners put on their best garments, uncover their heads, which at all other times are covered, tear out their hair, strike their faces, scratch their countenances, beat their breasts, and many smear soot over their faces. Occasionally it happens that men, too, give vent to the violence of grief by tearing their clothing and pulling out their beards. That these manifestations of grief are from great antiquity we can see from the book of Job, written probably 1,500 years before Christ. When Job's three comforters came to him, they, too, wept and lamented and tore their garments and strewed dust upon their heads and sat with him seven days and seven nights upon the ground without speaking (Job ii, 11). When David, according to II Samuel xviii, 33, received the news that his son was dead, he went into his room and wept. His grief was so great that those without heard him (II Samuel xix, 2-4).

On the following day the body is carried into the church. While this is being done a number of women keep up a kind of a dance outside of the church, while they lament and moan, with their hair in disheveled state. The same thing is done at the grave. It is peculiar that the Arabs are so anxious to have their dead buried in the tomb of their ancestors, and this prevails to such an extent that many families can remember that their great-great-grandfather and all his descendants were put into the same grave. In case a person dies at a distance from his native village his body is brought home for burial. This reminds us of Jacob and his last request made to Joseph to bury him with his fathers (Genesis xlvii, 30, and l, 5-7). On the next morning, very early, certain women go to the grave to weep over the dead, as was done by the women on the morning of Easter (Luke xxiv, 1). After they have returned to their homes and have attended to their daily duties they go to an open place, which is in many cases a threshing place, while the men are invited into the house of some friend. In these threshing places the women sing funeral songs and repeat their lamentations, in which the virtues of the departed are extolled. Every family of standing in the village brings some freshly baked bread (Jeremiah xvi, 7), together with some dessert, such as lard, fried eggs, honey, olives, etc., for the women lamenting at the threshing places, where, too, women from other villages have gathered for the same purpose. These things are brought to the mourners as food, and, after eating, all present take part in this official mourning for the dead. The men, too, come, bringing a sheep, which is killed for the benefit of the family and the mourners.

This reminds us of the official mourning of 70 days for Jacob and of 40 days for Moses. At the present time it is the custom to keep up the lamentation for two or three weeks, during which time the participants in the ordeal change from day to day. The women from the neighboring villages spend at least one night in this mourning place, while some remain from three to seven days. On the third, ninth and fortieth days special services take place at the graves, on which occasion the minister blesses the food which has been brought by relatives. This is repeated after six months and on the first anniversary of the death.—Evangelische Blattcr.

How They Circumvented Their Chief.

One of Roosevelt's many funny experiences with New York policemen recalls a story often told of Inspector Pearson, whose noiseless galoshes were long the terror of Washington cops. While walking in one of the streets of Georgetown about 12 years ago Inspector Pearson came upon two police officers sitting on the doorstep of a private residence, oblivious to the goings on in their beats. Pearson quietly took the number of the house and had the delinquents hauled before the trial board for neglect of duty. Ordinarily there would have been little hope for men in their position, but they were resourceful. With the consent of the occupants they employed a carpenter to remove the steps from the house and place them in front of the next residence. Then, as a defense, they stated that there were no steps in front of the house where the inspector declared he had seen them sitting. The trial board visited the place in a body, found that the officers' statement was true and dismissed the case, to the great surprise of Inspector Pearson. Some years afterward he heard of the trick and declared it the best that had ever been played upon him.—Washington Post.

Crazed by the Lack of Snow.

One of the most prosperous lumber merchants of Sangerville, Me., is now in an insane asylum because of a lack of snow during the past winter. Last fall he took big contracts to cut and deliver lumber, and, after cutting it, could not deliver it because there was no snow, a most unexpected and unusual contingency. Disappointment and anxiety did the rest.—Boston Herald.

Regretful Meeting.

"Did you have a pleasant meet?" asked Binks of the wheelman.

"No," said the latter, "I did not. I met the man I owe for my bicycle."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Normandy Cider and Champagne.

As a fact, the finest cider is not made by the British grower, but in Normandy. They have in that province brought cider making to perfection. The total produce every year there amounts to hundreds of millions of gallons, and it is made with the utmost care. To begin, they choose the site of the orchard with judgment and see that the soil is of the type which apples love, and they are equally thoughtful in selecting the varieties of the apple most fit for cider. Indeed, for the very finest cider their solicitude is so great that none but the second or third year's fruit of the trees is used, and when the process of fermentation is reached nothing is left to chance. Chemists of great experience watch the changes in the liquor, and the skill with which the process is regulated is based on the knowledge gathered from long practice. The result is that some Normandy cider is equal in delicacy and flavor to fine champagne, and many cheap champagnes are simply sophisticated cider.

This deception is very general. The great bulk of the cider made in Normandy goes to the champagne districts and is used to make cheap champagne and to form the body of other wines too. Port, it seems, can be made and often is made of cider, the color being imparted by logwood or red beet juice and the flavor by the addition, in very nice proportions, of the root of the rhatany. This, it is said, is an imitation so excellent that the flavor would deceive a good judge of port. It is quite certain that all the cider made in Normandy does not, by a very large proportion, go on the market as cider, and that it is sold in the guise of cheap wines, both white and red. Certainly than the champagne cider of Normandy there is nothing more delicate and effervescent, unless it be the same product of California when at its best.—Chambers' Journal.

Dr. Johnson and Macpherson.

Though not the most virulent, Dr. Johnson was certainly the most formidable of Macpherson's opponents. He threw all his influence into the scale against the poems. He uttered the dictum that "Gaelic was the rude speech of a barbarous people, who were content, as they conceived grossly, to be grossly understood." This argument, it is true, would have carried more weight if the doctor had possessed an elementary acquaintance with the Gaelic language. There seemed to be nothing more to be said for the antiquity of the poems when Johnson laid it down that "there was not a Gaelic manuscript in the world 100 years old, and there could be no polished language without writing." And besides, whether ancient or modern, whether by Ossian or Macpherson, the poems were worthless. They were mere "bombast and fustian." It was "easy to abandon one's mind to write such stuff."

Macpherson's reply to Johnson was to send a challenge to fight, couched, it is said, in the following elegant piece of Latinity:

"Maxime, si tu vis, cupio contendere tecum."

The doctor answered by purchasing a stout oak cudgel and issuing an ultimatum, in which he said, "I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian." Though Macpherson sulked in his tent and made no detailed reply to his critics and accusers, one of his backers kept up the spirit of the controversy by a retort, in which he made a threefold classification of liars into ordinary liars, d——d liars and literary critics.—Macmillan's Magazine.

As She Figured It.

"Orlando," she said, "I am afraid you are getting tired of having me ask you for money."

"Well, you see," he answered, "I have a good deal of expense to meet just at this time of year, and it does seem once in awhile that women don't make enough allowances for that sort of thing."

"Well," she answered, "I've thought of a way that will fix it all very nicely."

"What is it?"

"Whenever you go to the barber shop and the boy brushes you off, you give him a dime, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And when you are away from home at a hotel and a boy brings you ice water you give him a dime."

"Yes."

"And a mixed drink costs 15 cents."

"Of course."

"Well, you've often said that women have no head for arithmetic, but I am going to convince you to the contrary. I am going to learn to make your favorite mixed drinks. That'll be 15 cents a day. Then I'll bring you ice water in the morning. That'll be 10 cents. And then I'll brush your clothes off with a whisk broom, and that'll be 10 cents more. There's 35 cents a day. I've figured it all out on this little piece of paper. Three hundred and sixty-five days in a year; that's 365 times 35, which makes $127.75. If you will give me that without my asking for it, just as you do the bell boys and the bartender, I can put it with my regular housekeeping allowance and manage to get along much better."—Detroit Free Press.

Another Rothschild Colony.

Baron Edmond de Rothschild has established another colony in Palestine. The new colony, which is situated in Galilee, not far from Damascus, consists of a village of 3,000 acres, with numerous springs and the sources of the river Jordan. This settlement, which will be colonized by 50 farm laborers of tried experience, will be interesting as an experiment in home rule. In the other settlements an administrator and a staff of officials manage the affairs of the colonists, but the new colony will regulate its own affairs.

Sarcastic.

Dibley—Many of the brightest men in this city came from our little town.

Glibley—Is that why they came from there?—[illegible]

"HOW DO YOU DO?"

The French Lady Thought It a Question to Be Answered.

An American lady who spent some time in Paris says that she had a friend there, a French lady, who wished to learn a little English, and did so. Among her acquisitions in the language was the expression, "How do you do?" to which she was careful to learn the proper response.

One day the American lady met her French friend on the street. The American lady said, "How do you do?" with a smile, and passed on. She did not stop to notice that she had left the French lady standing on the street in astonishment.

Soon afterward she called on her friend, and was received very coldly by the French lady. As she did not know of any reason why the lady should be offended with her, she pressed her to tell what was the matter.

"Have I done anything to grieve you?" she asked.

"Anything to grieve me!" answered the French lady. "You meet me on the street, you ask me how I am, you do not wait to find out how I am, you pass on, and then you ask me whether you have done anything to grieve me!"

Then the American explained that it is not customary for Americans to wait for an answer to their inquiry, "How do you do?" that they commonly utter the words and pass on, or if they stop to speak, at once begin to talk of other matters.

The French lady could hardly express her astonishment. "The Americans do many very, very strange things," she said, "but this is the strangest of all!"

The French, when they are of the degree of acquaintance that justifies inquiry as to the health of another, stop and hear all about it, and all about the health of the respective families. When all this information has been exchanged, the two persons part with many adieux and elaborate good wishes for each other's continued health and happiness.

The Italians frequently embrace one another in public places and shake hands several times and commit one another in parting to the care of God. The Americans and the English are the only people that question each other as to their health without stopping to find out anything about it.—Youth's Companion.

WALLABIES AND KANGAROOS.

A Sportsman's Glimpses of Animals Peculiar to Australia.

There are wallabies and wallabies, scrub, swamp and rock wallabies, but all furnish lively sport for the hunter. The wallabies are next relatives to the kangaroos and are found in Australia.

F. G. Afialo tells in the Badminton Magazine how he hunted the wallabies 15 miles up the picturesque river, called the Rhine of the south by the Australians. The hunt was a failure, but the writer had more sport after kangaroos.

"We had not, my companion and I, gone half a mile," he says, "when we disturbed a large gray kangaroo at his morning toilet. He rose politely and eyed us for a moment, which would have been his last on earth, only, as luck would have it, he stood immediately between ourselves and the other two of the hunters. Then, while we were bowing to each other, the kangaroo suddenly vanished. I do not pretend to know where he went. When a beast can leap 30 feet without moving a muscle, it is useless to look for it. Here came a streak of luck. We rammed through a tangle of trailing undergrowth and all of a sudden there sat a small doe wallaby in a small opening, scratching her ear. It is not everybody who can intrude on a female wallaby and find her scratching her ear with a hind foot, nor does one often find a wallaby so interested in what she was doing as this one was. She rubbed her ear some more, and, shocked beyond all measure, my friend killed her with an express ball.

"The ears were cut off as trophies. A little while after this about 50 wallabies and kangaroos were seen in a herd, browsing in the grass a mile away, and that was a tantalizing sight, though mighty interesting. The beasts could scent a man a mile away easily, and a scent meant a go as you please hop race with no finish so far as the men were concerned.

"With a good pull at the flask, we crept forward," the writer says. "On we plodded, and the animals began to look troubled, warned by those vague and inexplicable forebodings of instinct, standing erect now and then and scanning the horizon with their great eyes. The males tapped the ground to warn the does and away they went. We got two by luck—a buck and doe."

Bird Hunters In Ceylon.

A more disagreeable object than a scorpion of Ceylon it would be difficult to imagine. Although, as a rule, it does not measure more than seven inches in length, there is a species found in the woods that are longer than a foot. They crawl out of some dried wood, and taking up their position on a convenient rock or stone, looking, as they hold their great jointed sting curved over their backs and their claws held aloft, the very picture of aggressive warfare.

Here they stretch themselves in the broiling sun and await their prey. These are the small, beautiful honey-birds that dart from flower to flower and take the place of the humming birds of the east.

As one approaches the scorpion seems to shrink into the stone until it becomes almost imperceptible. Suddenly the great insect will raise its claws and dart at its beautiful victim, which in a moment is destroyed.—Strand Magazine.

Force of Habit.

"The preacher made a great mistake on Sunday, and lost a good collection."

"How?"

"Well, he appointed a bill collector to go round with the plate, and bless me if every man in the congregation didn't ask him to call again on the 15th."—London Answers.

HOUSES BUILT IN TREES.

How Guinea Claims the Distinction of Furnishing This Unique Spectacle.

Man was indubitably at one period of his existence an arboreal animal. He had much to do with "the trees of the garden." In some places and as represented by some races he still lives among them.

The natives of New Guinea climb like monkeys and travel for long distances from one tree to another without descending to the ground. The birds build little fairylike cabins on the ground, but the people construct their houses in the top of the tallest forest trees. First a native, having climbed the great trunk of the teak or cedar or oak tree he has selected, begins by cutting off some of the branches the right length to support a platform of bamboo on which his house is to rest. You would wonder how he could do anything with the tools he uses if you should see them. He has no saw or steel edged ax, but only a sort of tomahawk made of stone and knives of bone or hard wood. When, however, he has in some way managed to get the limbs of his tree so cut and fashioned as to support his house, his hardest work is done.

The house itself is soon built and is made of bamboo strips and thatched with palm leaves. All parts are firmly lashed together with strips of rattan palm, a very tough vine, used by the natives in place of ropes. It is not a large house, though it sometimes contains several rooms, but it is a safe and secure retreat for the women and children in case of a sudden attack by hostile tribes.

The house is reached from the ground by a long ladder or inclined plane, made of woven vines. In case an enemy appears the ladder is drawn up, and the man and his family and the pig are safe within the house. The elevation not only secures the household from wild beasts and from the ants that roam the country, seeking what they may devour, but also from disease germs, which, like those of yellow fever, do not rise above a certain level. The breeze, too, rocks the house gently, like a cradle, and sets the fresh air into circulation, making it delightfully refreshing after the sultry heats below.

If you should climb the long ladder and peep in at the door, you will find the family, perhaps, all asleep or sitting about the floor eating yams, cocoanuts and bananas, and sharing them with their pet pigs, parrots or poultry. You will find there no pictures, toys or playthings, such as even the poorest children among us possess; no music and no books, no furniture in the room, not even a bed and no mats on the floor.

Many a true built nest is constructed with more art and is more comfortable for the little ones who are born in it, and is far prettier than the rude huts of the wild men of New Guinea.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE SUN'S DISTANCE.

Would Take Five Hundred Years to Cover It at a Sixty Kilometer Pace.

"The sun is about 93,000,000 miles distant from the earth," writes Alden W. Quimby in Ladies' Home Journal. "It varies through the year because the earth's orbit is elliptical, and the sun is at one focus of the ellipse. The earth is more than 3,000,000 of miles nearer the sun in December than in June, at which time the latitudes south of the equator receive his direct rays and experience the great heat of their summer.

"Let us try to comprehend the figures stated. The other day two racers of the sea proudly lowered the record of transatlantic passage. Could they turn their prows to the sun, and drive their great engines day and night in the crossing of the ether main, it would be 500 years before they could reach harbor.

"Most persons have noticed the appreciable interval of time between the stroke of an ax at a distance and the resultant sound. Could we hear the sound of a solar explosion we would know that the explosion had occurred 14 years before. Perhaps the most striking illustration is that which imagines a little child to have an arm long enough to reach the sun. The child might thrust its fingers into the seething fires, but it would grow up to maturity and calmly descend into the valley of extreme old age, blissfully unconscious of any pain from the burning; in fact, it would require another such lifetime to bring the news to the brain."

Birds That Feign Death.

One of the most remarkable devices resorted to by wild things for their own protection is that of shamming death. A beetle or spider will double in its legs and lie as if dead. The reason for this is obvious. It may then be passed over, mistaken for a bit of leaf or stick. But it is more difficult to account for this practice in birds.

A moor hen or land rail will feign death, lying in the hand perfectly limp and to all appearances unconscious. It has been suggested that the idea is that, being already dead, the captor will not trouble to kill them.

More probably it is merely a ruse in the hope that by lying still they may be forgotten and crawl off presently unobserved. Another reason is suggested by the fact that cats and the cat tribe do not often touch their prey unless it moves.—London Standard.

A Double Purpose.

Get into the habit of walking with the eyes cast thoughtfully on the ground. It gives people the impression that you are a deep thinker, and you may be able to pick up articles of value that others have lost.—Atchison Globe.

Companions of the noble orders take rank immediately after the knights of the same order, their precedence among themselves being arranged by a complicated but well understood system.

Many books require no thought from those who read them, and for a simple reason—they made no such demand upon those who wrote them.—Colton.

LEE AND McCLELLAN.

Their First Meeting as Described by the Latter After the Civil War.

Entertaining papers giving reminiscences of "The Lost Cause" were read in this city at a meeting of the Daughters of the Confederacy. In a paper prepared by Mr. George Savage and read by Mrs. D. Giraud Wright was described the first meeting of General Robert E. Lee and General George B. McClellan, as General McClellan had related the facts to Mr. Savage in the summer of 1878.

"It was near the City of Mexico during the Mexican war," said General McClellan to Mr. Savage, "that I first met my future great opposing commander. I was a lieutenant of engineers and Lee was a major of engineers and a favorite on the staff of General Winfield Scott. I was walking across a field one day when I saw General Scott and his staff approaching on horseback. As the party drew near to me Major Lee reined up his horse and, addressing me in an angry tone, said:

"'Lieutenant, don't you know you are disobeying orders? What is your name?'

"I told him my name was McClellan and that I did not know I was disobeying orders.

"'All officers have been told to remain in their quarters and await orders,' he exclaimed, still appearing very angry.

"I replied that no such order had reached me, and he then peremptorily ordered me back to my quarters, and hastened away to join General Scott and the rest of the staff, who had not stopped.

"I returned across the field to my quarters, feeling much injured, for I had not knowingly committed any breach of discipline. I complained to my fellow officers of Major Lee's treatment of me. Scarcely had I finished my story when I was told that there was an officer outside who wished to see me, and I was greatly surprised to find Major Lee seated there upon his horse. He saluted and I returned the salute.

"'Lieutenant McClellan,' said he, 'I fear that in our meeting just now I was discourteous in tone or manner, and I have come to express to you the regret which, under the circumstances, a gentleman should.'

"I assured him that it was all right, and with a salute and a low bow, which I feelingly returned, he rode away, leaving me lost in admiration of a superior officer who could so promptly and so generously repair an error."—Baltimore Sun.

HE LOVED HIS MASTER.

Two Stories of Sosimo, Robert Louis Stevenson's Faithful Samoan Body Servant.

The other day the cook was away, and Louis, who was busy writing, took his meals in his room. Knowing there was no one to cook his lunch, he told Sosimo to bring him some bread and cheese. To his surprise, he was served with an excellent meal—an omelet, a good salad and perfect coffee.

"Who cooked this?" asked Louis, in Samoan.

"I did," said Sosimo.

"Well," said Louis, "great is your wisdom."

Sosimo bowed and corrected him—"Great is my love!"

Long ago Louis had a topaz stud that was somewhat difficult to put into his shirt, so he gave it to me. I laid it away in my trinket box and was dismayed, when I first wanted to wear it, to find it gone. Sosimo had missed the stud, discovered it in my box and carried it back to Louis' room. I kept up the fight for some time, trying to secrete it from Sosimo by putting it in out of the way places, but it was invariably found in Louis' room, no matter where I had hidden it.

When he came up from the ship he put Louis' valise down on the veranda and carefully abstracted from his mouth the precious stud he had carried there for safety. I gave up, then, and it is now Louis' own.—"Robert Louis Stevenson's Home Life," by Isobel Strong, in Scribner's.

Their Hobbies.

Some gossip in Cassell's Magazine tells what are the hobbies or amusement of some of England's great men. Mr. Balfour indulges in golf, bicycles and philosophy, and he once played Hamlet; Lord Salisbury studies silence and tries experiments with a test tube; Mr. Chamberlain raises orchids; Mr. Gladstone, of course, used to chop trees, and now reads Greek when he feels the need of rest; Prince Bismarck drinks beer, smokes and reads Dr. Boisgoby; the Prince of Wales is fond of bowling; the Duke of Devonshire, Sir John Millais, Andrew Lang and William Black are expert fishermen, while Mr. Toole finds something funny to do or say almost every hour of the day. Once he sent a package of chocolates to a little boy who sat in a stage box and was disturbing him with his astonishingly loud laughter. The attendant delivered the packet, "With Mr. Toole's compliments, and would the young gentleman who laughed so heartily kindly eat these during the performance?"

Newspapers In New Jersey.

There are about 300 newspapers published in New Jersey, of which 76 are Republican, 70 Democratic and 66 nominally independent. There are 24 German newspapers, 4 Italian newspapers and 1 newspaper printed in Hollandese. Two papers are published by colored men. This is an average of 1 newspaper to every 2,118 males of all ages in New Jersey, or to every 1,135 of the legal voters of the state that voted in the last presidential election.—Newark Advertiser.

All British patents are granted for 14 years, but are revoked at any time after the fourth year upon the nonpayment of the government tax.

Over 27,000 pounds weight of edible birds' nests are annually shipped from Java to China.

Society Directory.

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State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

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County President, L. Henely, Twenty-seventh-st. and Lake Shore.

County V.-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh-st.

County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.

County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 529 W. Erie-st.

Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.

Doorkeeper, William Barrett.

The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 3 p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

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President, M. J. Maloney, Room 305, 120 Randolph-st.
Vice President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Ryan, 209 S. Peoria-st.
Financial Secretary, Wm. Territt.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller streets, at 8 p. m.

Division 2.

President, John J. Hanrahan, 246 E. Forty-third-st.
Vice President, Thomas McHugh.
Recording Secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 185 E. Superior-st.
Financial Secretary, James Regan.
Treasurer, William C. Moore.
Meets Second Thursday each month at Unity hall, 77 Thirty-first-st., 8 p.m.

Division 3.

President, John J. Cullinane, 3045 Deering-st.
Vice President, James J. Perkins.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 W. North-av.
Financial Secretary, Pat'k J. Mahony.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First Sunday each month at 3 p. m. in Flynn's hall, North-av. and Robey-st.

Division 4.

President, Michael Blake, 703 T[illegible] first-st.
Vice President, William Loftus.
Recording Secretary, James H. Brennan, Palmer House.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins.
Treasurer, William McAvoy.
Meets First Sunday each month at 2:30 p. m. in Mathel's hall, Canalport and Union-avs.

Division 5.

President, James J. Brennan, 939 S. Ashland-av.
Vice President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, Alex Cusack, 65 Nixon-st.
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Treasurer, Thomas Donovan.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison-sts., at 8 p. m.

Division 6.

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Vice President, John Doody.
Recording Secretary, M. J. Goldin, 4417 Union-av.
Financial Secretary, James F. Ryan.
Treasurer, Martin Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Foley's hall, 712 W. Forty-third-st., at 2:30 p. m.

Division 7.

President, Wm. Sullivan, 235 Washburn-av.
Vice President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory-st.
Financial Secretary, Jas. E. O'Brien.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth-st., at 7:30 p. m.

Division 8.

President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 117 E. Erie-st.
Vice President, Hugh J. Gleeson.
Recording Secretary, Eugene P. Nolan, 289 E. Erie-st.
Financial Secretary, O. J. Cullen.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays each month at 62 N. Clark-st., at 8 p. m.

Division 9.

President, D. M. Duggan, 329 Ninety-second-st.
Vice President, Thomas A. Foley.
Recording Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth-st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Clark.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays each month in Union Bank building, South Chicago, at 8 p. m.

Division 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4125 State-st.
Vice President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Michael Maloy, 735 Dexter-st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Ryan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth-av., 8 p. m.

Division 11.

President, Hugh J. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Vice President, James F. Murray.
Recording Secretary, Thos. E. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby.
Treasurer, Michael J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays each month in Anchor hall, Grand ave and Paulina st., at 8 p. m.

Division 12.

President, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
Vice President, J. F. Lyons.
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Financial Secretary, P. B. Flanagan.
Treasurer, Rev. D. J. Crimmins.
Meets First and Third Wednesdays of each month at S. W. corner of Thirty-ninth st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

Division 13.

President, John E. Long, 2991 Archer av.
Vice President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Jordan, 2933 Archer av.
Financial Secretary, D. J. Sullivan.
Treasurer, S. J. Moloney.
Meets First and Third Thursdays each month in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

Division 14.

President, P. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn street.
Vice President, Ed J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Clingen, 8 South Lincoln st.
Financial Secretary, T. J. McGuire.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in Prosperity hall, Eighteenth and State sts., at 8 p. m.

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President, James W. Breen, 5241 Morgan st.
Vice President, John Henry.
Recording Secretary, Michael Daly, 5511 Halsted st.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Shine.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Mielhaussen's hall, 51st and Peoria sts.

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Vice President, Patrick McMahon.
Recording Secretary, Jas. Flanagan, 311 E. Fortieth st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Meaney.
Treasurer, John J. McGinty.
Meets Fourth Sunday each month in Bishop's hall, 4652 Ashland avenue, at 2:30 p. m.

Division 17.

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Vice President, Lawrence Henely.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burke.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First and Third Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

Division 18.

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Vice President, James Collins.
Recording Secretary, James Dineen, 2222 West Kinzie st.
Financial Secretary, James Donovan.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Last Friday of each month in Schoenhoffen's hall, Forty-third av. and West Lake street, at 8 p. m.

Division 19.

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Vice President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Timothy Kelly, 3435 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, T. J. Waldron.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted street.

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Financial Secretary, P. McDonnell.
Treasurer, Michael O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday at 2901 Union av., at 8 p. m.

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Vice President, Ed O'Connor.
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Financial Secretary, James Gayer.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
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Recording Secretary, T. H. Finegan, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, A. J. Rasyon.
Treasurer, J. W. McCarthy.
Meets First and Third Sundays each month at 7 p. m. in School hall, in Lemont, Ill.

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Recording Secretary, Thos. D. Fitzgerald, 1066 S. Robey st.
Financial Secretary, Terence Collins.
Treasurer, John T. Conway.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, W. Twenty-second and Robey sts.

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Vice President, Thomas Killoughy.
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Financial Secretary, W. F. Garrity.
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Meets Second Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

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Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday of each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av, 7:30 p.m.

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Financial Secretary, P. O'Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
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Vice President, Thomas Kelly.
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Financial Secretary, M. H. Hoey.
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Charles Robert Leslie, R. A.

My father, Charles Robert Leslie, was certainly one of the most unselfish, gentle and single minded of men, a thorough optimist by nature, from whom all trouble outside of art passed like water off a duck's back, his mind and eye dwelling only on the beauty and happiness of the world about him, with a wonderful power of living in the present and making the best of it. It was thus, I believe, that with a few delicate, rapid touches of his brush he so easily seized upon whatever was refined or lovely in the face of a model, while, like his favorite character, Captain Shandy, he always judged others by the standard of his own gentle nature. Though rather lavish both of time and money upon anything connected with art or his family, he spent little on mere personal matters.

As a boy I slept for many years in his dressing room, and one of my earliest recollections was watching him shave, for which, even in winter, he never indulged in a drop of hot water, and, whether due to this or a dull razor, the operation so often ended in a cut chin that I always felt a sense of relief when it was over. Those were the days of old felt beaver hats, and a decorative tuft of fur, plucked from the first which came to hand, often remained on his face for the day. Later in life he let his board grow, and, except as a means of obtaining a smoother surface upon some rough, unfinished picture, entirely gave up the use of that old razor. But the idea of thus saving time and trouble never struck him while I was at home, and he continued to gash his chin nearly every other day during the busiest period of his life, just as he once told me he went on drinking his tea too hot until he consulted the great Abernethy and paid him a guinea for his advice to "drink it cooler, sir."—Temple Bar.

1875. CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS. 1896.

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First and Second Battalion

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The following programme has been prepared by the committee in charge. Speaking at 8 p. m. Speakers, HON. M. V. GANNON, HON. M. J. KEANE. Senator JOSEPH P. MAHONEY will preside. Military exhibition drill at 3 p. m. Games and Athletic Sports of all kinds.

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1. 100 yard race for Men, open, prize, $5 hat, donated by Ald. Gallagher. 2. 100 yard race, open for Young Ladies, prize Silk Parasol, donated by John Beegan. 3. Running Hop, Step and Jump, open, prize Silver-Mounted Blackthorn Cane, donated by a friend. 4. Throwing 56-lb weight without follow, prize one pair of Pants, donated by Work Bros. 5. 100 yark race, open to members of the Guards only, prize one box of Pefecto Cigars, donated by Hibernian Cigar Co., J. J. Purcell, agent. 6. Tug-of-War, between the Innisfail and Sarsfield Clubs of the G. A. A., prize one case of Cream Pure Rye, donated by Dallemand & Co. Irish Reels and Jigs on separate platform. Music by Prof. Barney Delaney on the Irish Bagpipes. Gates open at 12 o'clock noon and close at midnight.

TICKETS - - - 50 CENTS

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1875. 1896.

7th REGIMENT I. N. G.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL PICNIC

OF THE

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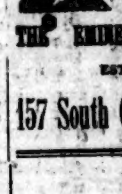

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